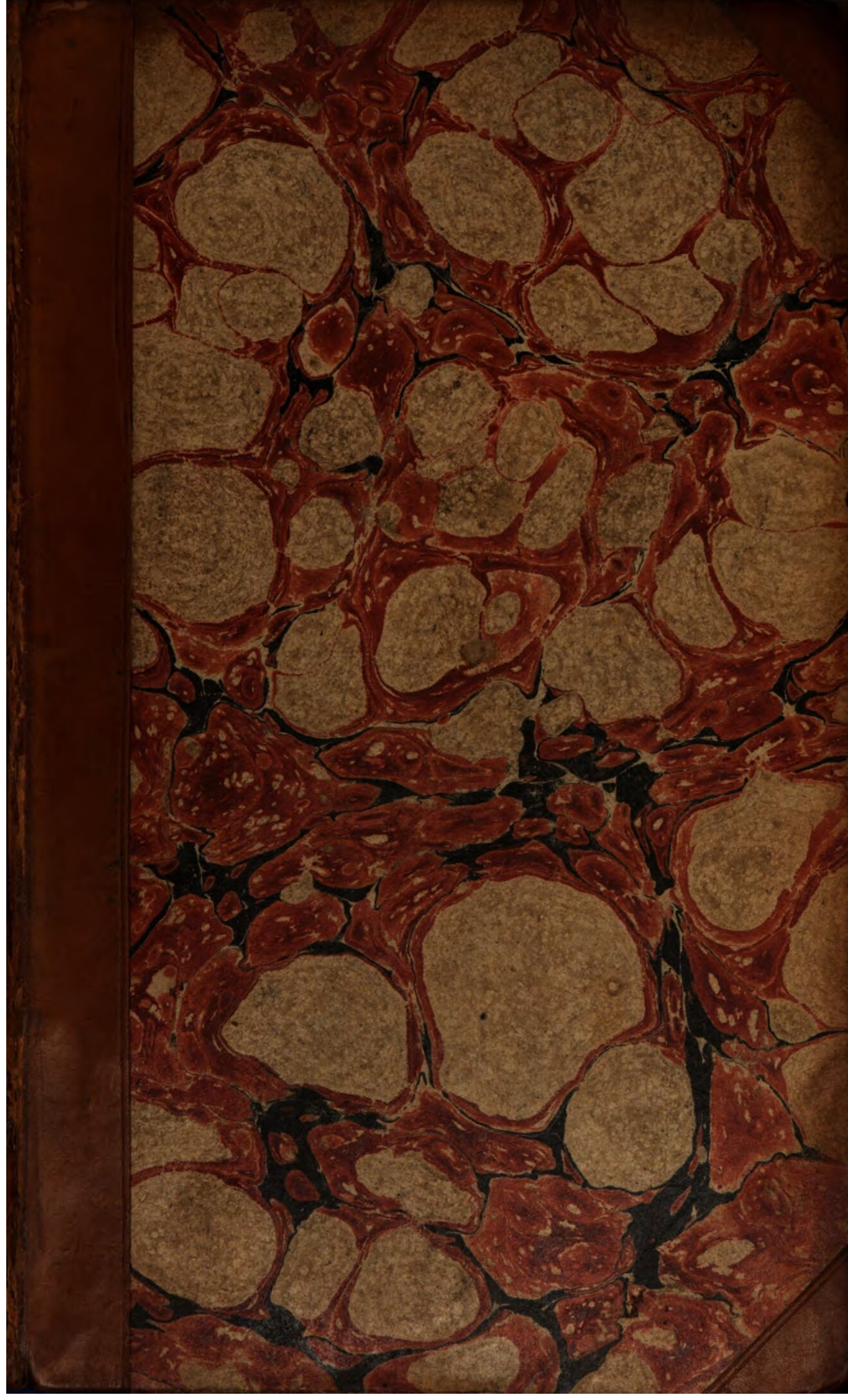
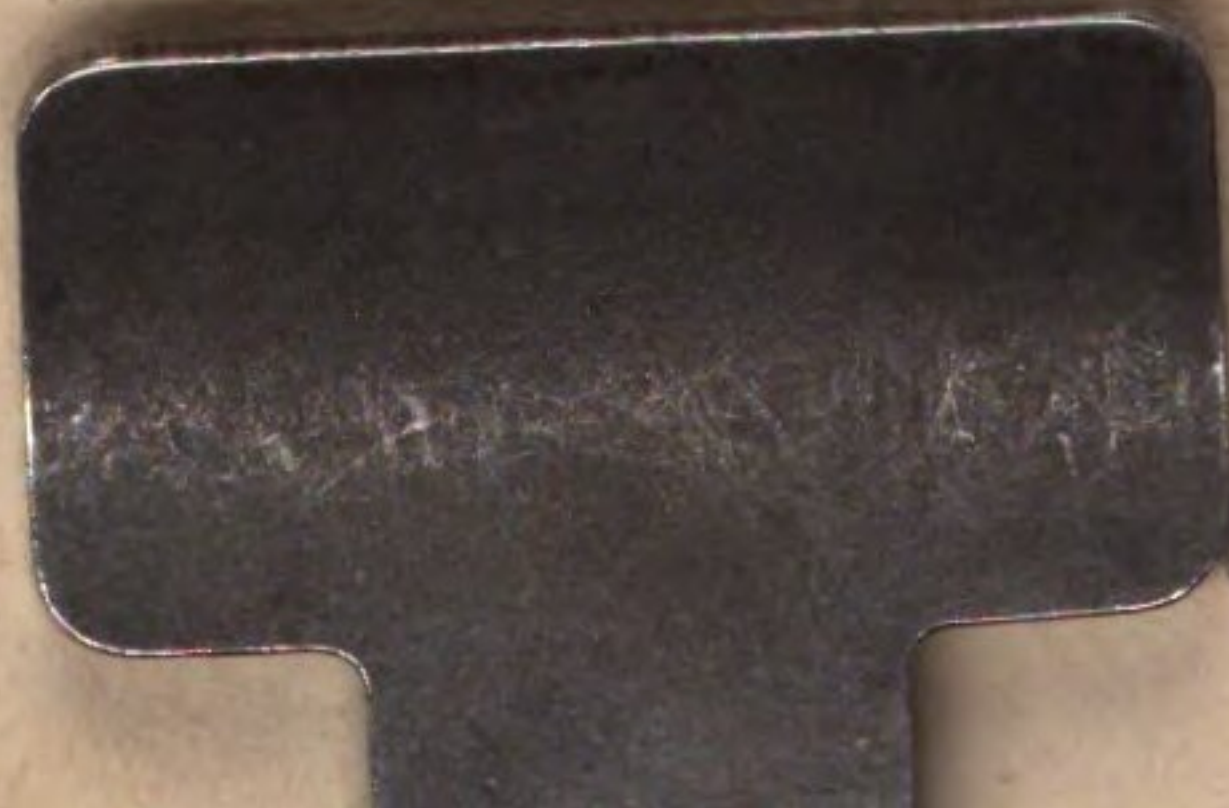




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THE
DAUGHTERS

OF

ISENBERG.

A BAVARIAN ROMANCE:

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE

DAUGHTERS

OF

ESSEX.

A DAVANIAN ROMANCE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE
DAUGHTERS
OF
ISENBERG;
A BAVARIAN ROMANCE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY ALICIA TYNDAL PALMER;

AUTHOR OF

"The Husband and the Lover."

Conscience, what art thou? Thou tremendous pow'r!
Who dost inhabit us without our leave,
And art within ourselves another self---
A master self---that lov'st to domineer,
And treat the monarch frankly as the slave.
How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds!
Make the past, present, and the future frown!
How, ever and anon, awake the soul,
As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO.
TEMPLE OF THE MUSES, FINSBURY SQUARE.

1810.



THE
DAUGHTERS

OF
ISENBURG;

A BAVARIAN ROMANCE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY ALICIA TYNDALE PALMER;

AUTHOR OF

"The Princess and the Tower."

Concealment, when it is not
When it is not, it is not
And all within our power
A man of old, and of the
And that the world is not
How dost thou, and a torch to light the
Alas! the past is gone, and the future
How, ever, and anon, awake the soul
As with a bird of thunder, to strike the

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JACKSON, ALLEN, AND CO.
AT THE SIGN OF THE DOLFIN, IN ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

1850.

THE
DAUGHTERS OF ISENBERG.

CHAP. I.

WHILE these results followed the excursion of the Baron and Villeroze, the party which they had left at Isenberg had not passed their time unpleasantly, barring some pretty warm altercations which had taken place between the Lady Marguerite and Doctor Martimas; in which Lady Aberdale and the Baroness, as usual, acted as moderators.

To Carenthéa it offered one series of gratifications, exceeding all her gay and happy spirits had ever before experienced, or even her vivid imagination, in its wildest flights, presented to her as possible.

She had marked, with an exultation not wholly to be concealed, the empire she daily acquired over the grave, the dignified, the, hitherto, cold and insensible Don Alphonso.

The morning of the Baron's departure, contrary to his usually inflexible plan of retiring immediately after breakfast to his study, and not re-appearing till *summoned* to dinner, he loitered and lingered with the ladies till the Baroness invited them to her boudoir, from whence the gentlemen were always excluded. De Lerma watched them out of the apartment with looks of regret, and remained silent after they had disappeared, till Sigismond asked him if he would accompany Sir Launcelot, the Doctor, and himself, to the billiard room, when gravely excusing himself, he abruptly retreated to the library.

The passage leading to it passed by the apartment in which the ladies were

sitting, and the quick ear of Carenthéa instantly recognized the step of De Lerma, as he slowly traversed its length. She then distinctly heard him enter the library, and close the door after him.

“Now would I give a trifle,” thought she, “to know whether he would have left us, if we had spent the whole morning in the portico. Sigismond has declared, that no lady has ever yet obtained sufficient power over him to detach him from his darling books, even for a single day!—The convincing so saucy a fellow as my brother, that *I* have that power, would be a delightful triumph!—What can he be doing with himself I wonder?—Well! I should really be very glad to meet with any work sufficiently amusing, to entertain *me* day after day in that eternal manner.”

The more fully to indulge her specu-

lations and conjectures, Carenthéa had taken her netting, and seated herself in the recess of a window, at the end of the boudoir farthest from her mother, Lady Aberdale, and Pauline, who were deeply engaged in talking over the little occurrences which had taken place during their separation. While Miss Wansmore, stationing herself at the elbow of Viola, who was embroidering her aunt's shawl, nearly stunned her with an eternal harangue on the unsociability of excluding the gentlemen from their party ; and informing her, in strict confidence, that she thought her brother not only the handsomest, but the most polite young man she had ever seen. "As to Don Alphonso, and the Marquis," pursued she, "they possess none of those winning attentions which charm me in their friend ; and I am certain they were not half so much struck with my person, at first sight, as

he was. To say the truth," added she, lowering her voice; "I half suspect *their* eyes were otherwise employed."

"Very probably," replied Viola, without exactly knowing what she said, so thoroughly was she tired with the changes her companion had been for a considerable time ringing on the same subject.

The answer, unfortunately, so little accorded with the expectations of Miss Wanmore, who was prepared for a flattering reply from her auditor, that she arose with an air of pique, and joined Carenthéa, whom she favoured with a repetition of the same remarks she had before made to her sister.

That young lady, however, who, from the pre-occupation of her thoughts, had by this time made several mistakes in the pattern of her netting, entangled her silk, and snapt it in her attempts

to set it right: now impatiently throwing aside her work, resolved, if she could not wile away a little time in amusing herself *with* her visitor, she would do so *at* her expense.

In this she fully succeeded, and by a few adroit compliments, so won the easy favor of Letitia, that, had she been so disposed, she might have heard an infinity of her imaginary love adventures. But the first novelty of her excessive self conceit and folly passed, Carenthéa began to find her little less wearisome in her present temper of mind, than Viola had done; for on one topic alone did they think or feel in sympathy; and this was, that the morning had been the longest and most tedious, they had ever known.

Before the first dinner bell had rung, Carenthéa heard the library door open: she distinguished the steps of De Lerma, as he re-trod the passage on his

way to his dressing room ; and the next minute his valet was summoned to attend him.

This was the first time since he had been at Isenberg that he had voluntarily quitted his favorite authors. Her cheeks were flushed with secret exultation, as vanity whispered her, that *she* was the potent spell, which had been capable of luring him from their prized society.

The reverie into which these thoughts threw her was interrupted, not long after, by the party's separating to dress for dinner. Carenthéa chose to pass the library in her way to her room, without having examined her motives for preferring it:—this passage was considerably farther round than the one she usually took.

As she passed the door, she observed it was left a-jar. She pushed it open, and saw that a book lay on a table,

near which stood the chair Don Alphonso had lately occupied.

Carenthéa was alone, and she felt an irresistible curiosity to know what work had formed the subject of his morning's study. Yielding to the temptation, she entered the apartment, and in the next moment held the volume in her hand.

It was written in a language she did not understand, and, with a feeling of disappointment, she was laying it down again, when she perceived that a paper had fallen from between its leaves.

On this paper a bouquet of flowers was sketched, which she took up with the design of restoring to the place from whence it had escaped; but on carelessly glancing her eye over it, to her astonishment, she perceived it was a correct copy of the nosegay she wore in her own bosom.

With a colour raised by pleasure and

surprize to the most brilliant vermilion, she stood some time alternately examining the drawing—contemplating the pencils and water colours, which she had not at first remarked were lying on the table, and comparing the sketch with the flowers, which she immediately took from her bosom for that purpose.

The arrangement was perfectly correct, though they were evidently the production of a hand not much skilled in the art. To suspect that this had been the morning's occupation of Don Alphonso, was natural; yet how inconsistent with all she had heard and seen of him!

At length, after replacing, though with considerable trepidation, every thing as she had found it, Cathethéa proceeded to her room, resolved to ascertain, if possible, beyond a doubt, the truth of her flattering conjecture.

Never had she before looked so beautiful, never appeared half so interesting, as on her joining the company in the saloon; for a soft consciousness had diffused over her lovely features, an expression resembling, in its effect, timidity, though in reality, it was stifled exultation.

She found De Lerma impatiently awaiting her arrival, and he quitted not her side for the rest of the day—a day, which completed his fascination, for she appeared to him, by turns, all that was most calculated to win one of his peculiar disposition, and rivet the chains she had prepared for him.

The next morning, pursuant to the plan she had devised, to ascertain if Don Alphonso was really the delineator of her nosegay, she appeared at breakfast, with one so whimsically combined, as to render it impossible to mistake its likeness.

As on the preceding day, the gen-

tllemen were left for some hours to their own amusements, and Carenthéa enjoyed the delight, on visiting the library after De Lerma had quitted it, to find, that he had not only accurately copied her bouquet, but that he had given to his performance a far higher finish than to his first attempt.

This discovery opened to the arch girl, a new scene of amusement in the perplexing whimsicality of her future daily selections; and each trial only the more convincingly proved, that those pages of Epictetus, which he had lately devoured with so much avidity, now served no other purpose than to receive within their ample sheets the produce of his new occupation.

The same dreadfully tempestuous weather which had attended the Baron and Villeroze, on their expedition, confined their friends within the walls of

the chateau during their absence; for the intervals between the storms were rendered very uninviting by the sultriness of the atmosphere.

The Baroness, after the first few days, yielding to the petition of the gentlemen, consented to their passing their mornings together, till more favorable weather again invited them abroad. If this permission filled the soul of Don Alphonso with pleasure, it afforded Carenthéa a *public* display of the power she had acquired over him; for, during these indulgences, he appeared to have wholly changed his love of studying the *ancients* into that of devoting his hours to the service of a *modern* pattern, not of mental, but of personal perfection.

No longer hurrying to the library, as soon as the party broke up, after breakfast, he placed himself near Carenthéa. However trifling her employment, it ap-

peared in his eyes of sufficient importance to make him desirous of sharing in it; or if it was one wholly feminine, he seemed to covet no other pastime than that of watching her motions, listening to the random sallies of her sprightly conversation, or marking the ever varying animation of her brilliant countenance.

Carenthéa was fully sensible of all this, and a saucy consciousness of her power, which would at times, in spite of her endeavours, shew itself, served only in his now partial eyes, to give her a new character of attraction.

But, notwithstanding the delight Don Alphonso afforded Carenthéa, there was too much of the ridiculous in the character of Miss Wanmore, for her not, occasionally, to seize on it with avidity, as offering her a species of ludicrous entertainment; and it was with a look of pleasure, that on opening her

dressing-room door to some one who tapped there, a few mornings after her arrival at Isenberg, that she perceived it to be that young lady.

“Will you allow me to sit with you while you are dressing?” asked she with a mincing grimace, which was incomparably farcial. “You will render me very happy by the permission.”

“By all means;” replied Carenthéa, suppressing a smile: “pray come in?”

“You will find me, my dear, an encroacher I fear!” rejoined her visitor, as soon as she had seated herself beside the dressing table, “for I have no sooner obtained one grace, than I am about to claim a second.”

“Name it,” said Carenthéa, “and be sure of obtaining it.”

“Dismiss Lisette, then, and let me be your fille de chambre to day?”

“Go Lisette;” said her young

lady, and the command was instantly obeyed.

“Now I will tell you;” observed Miss Wanmore, “what has induced me to trespass on you this morning. Ever since the first evening I saw you, I have been dying to exchange with you a few *secrets d’amour*; for I do not flatter, when I assure you, that I think you nearly the most perfect beauty I have ever seen; consequently you must have an infinity of such little interesting details to communicate.”

“No indeed;” answered Carenthéa, who found it impossible any longer to stifle her ever ready laugh, “but I hope you will oblige me with a sketch of some of your’s?”

“Ah! *Friponne*!” cried Miss Wanmore, with a look she intended should be extremely arch. “So you would first tempt my confidence!—Well; if

you will not oblige me by your *secrets d'amour*, I may surely depend on a few of your *ruses des coqueteries*."

"You must positively encourage me, by your own example, to any disclosure you may desire;" said Carenthéa, who pretty strongly suspected the object of her visit was to *talk*, not *listen*; and whose own in admitting her, was to *expose*, not confide in her.

"Well," replied the young lady, "if you insist on this matter, you have only to name which you first wish to learn?"

During the foregoing conversation, the eyes of Carenthéa had been occupied with her own lovely image, as it was reflected from the mirror before which she was dressing; but this appeal making her suddenly turn them on the face of her visitor, the contrast her flat, unmeaning, and coarse features presented to her, was too striking, not

to cause an emotion of triumph while her looks dwelt there.

While regarding it, she was struck with the thought, of how glaringly its defects must be forced into notice, by the unfortunate essay of its owner, to render herself fascinating. Concealing however this idea, she thanked her for the choice she had obligingly left her; and requested to be informed, what she considered as her most successful *ruse de coqueterie*.

“Cruel!” exclaimed Miss Wammore, in a languishing voice, “Would you tear from me a mystery so dear; but I have no power to withstand your wishes. Look at this fairy work bag? Have you not observed that I always bear it about me?”

“Now you mention it;” replied Carenthéa, who had resumed the employment in which she was before engaged; “I think I do remember, that you usually carry it on your arm?”

“*Always,*” exclaimed Miss Wammore, with vehemence.—“It contains one of those magic spells, with which Cupid delights to decorate his favorite votaries.”

“Really!” ejaculated Carenthéa, whose curiosity began now to be pretty well awakened:—“What it can contain, I protest I am wholly at a loss to guess!” And as she spoke she gave her undivided attention to her companion, who was engaged in drawing open the aperture of the embroidered bag, and affectedly taking from within a piece of beautiful lace, of considerable dimensions.

She then placed it in the hands of Carenthéa, exclaiming in a theatrical tone—“Behold it here! This reticulated snare was woven by the rosy fingers of the God of Love; Perceive you not its potent charm?”

“Indeed, no;” replied the astonished Carenthéa, who began to suspect that

the intellects of her companion were not very sound. “I perceive nothing here but a very exquisite piece of lace, which, from its form, I should simply suppose a veil.”

“You have named it,” replied Miss Wanmore, now rising to a pitch of enthusiasm; “You have named that proteus decorament, which enables its wearer to appear by turns all that is interesting, enchanting, tender, coquettish, bashful, pallid, blushing; in a word all a lover wishes the vascillating feelings of his mistress to express, may, by the aid of this airy drapery, at pleasure, be exhibited by her, to heat his imagination, and elevate him to pitches of the most rapturous passion.”

“Indeed!” said Carenthéa, “you perplex instead of informing me; pray be more explicit?”

“Pretty innocent!” exclaimed Miss Wanmore, patting the cheek of her

eager listener. "Is it possible you can have lived so completely in the retirement of Isenberg, as to be unconscious to what an extent our sex is indebted to this elegant appendage?"

"If you mean for the preservation of the complexion," observed Carenthea, "I comprehend you; yet must still think you express yourself in terms somewhat overstrained."

Miss Wanmore, after indulging in an immoderate fit of rather unsentimental laughter, which much discomposed the companion at whose expense it was enjoyed; resumed her softened air, as she proceeded, "Whenever I wish to become irresistible in the eyes of him I would subdue, I *drape* myself in this all conquering talisman," and as she spoke, she threw over the fine form of Carenthea, the elegantly flowing veil.

"Behold!" pursued she as the gentle breezes from an open window undu-

lated its gossamer texture; "behold how the slightest zephyrs agitate the *aërial tissue!*"

"It is indisputably a very tasty ornament when it suits the peculiar character of its wearer's physiognomy," remarked Carenthéa, as she complacently contemplated her own.

"If, while merely flowing thus carelessly, you already feel its power," replied her instructress, "image to yourself its potency, when used in all its never ending varieties! For instance, your lover addresses to you a compliment; without evincing ignorance or insensibility, you would leave him doubtful of the effect it has produced on you; this artful touch, effects your wish; and as she spoke, she suffered it to fall over the face of her now delighted auditor.

"Picture to yourself," resumed Miss Wanmore, "him, whom you most desire to captivate, kneeling at your feet;

detesting that envious covering, which hides from him a spectacle, he dies to contemplate, yet daring not to draw aside the slight curtain, which intervenes between him and happiness.”

Carentléa, whose creative fancy instantly presented the penetrating eyes of Don Alphonso, vainly seeking to pierce through this tantalizing cloud, was wrapt in too pleasing a reverie to interrupt the volubility of her guest, who now, with an experienced hand, slightly disordered the pending drapery, exhibiting a *glimpse* of the charming profile of her pupil.

“By this slight touch,” pursued Miss Wanmore (shewing as she spoke the legerdemain, by which the manœuvre was effected) “by this very slight touch to which practice will soon enable you to give the appearance of accident; you can at pleasure display yourself in one of the most interesting points of view imaginable; bashfully seeking to conceal,

amid the pliant folds of that still magic drapery, the *flowing hues* with which timidity has *rosed* your cheeks ; conceive the palpitations his *supposed* stolen view of them must produce on the ardent feelings of a *suspenceful* lover ! ”

“ Upon my word,” said the now enchanted Carenthéa (who, in admiring her own love-inspiring countenance, had entirely forgotten the contrast which that of Miss Wanmore offered) “ I think you must be Cupid’s most favored votary ; since he alone, could have taught you such darling master-strokes in the science of coquetry ! ”

“ Ah ! flatterer,” exclaimed the young lady, in a tone expressive of her gratified vanity ; “ you thus force from me, in spite of my resolves, all my little wiles.—Look at that sylphid form ? ”

Carenthéa obeyed, and the magic touch had again given the veil a new power of attraction. No longer conceal-

ing any part of her sparkling countenance, it was gathered fantastically in the hand which rested on her bosom. Its long drapery partly fell in graceful folds adown her nicely moulded figure, finely harmonizing with its just proportions.

While she stood lost in admiration of its picturesque effect, Miss Wanmore, hastening to the other end of the apartment, returned in a moment, bearing in her hand a flower-stand, which she placed beside the attentive Carenthéa.

“Now,” said the able instructress, “bend gracefully over this antique tripod, and repose your arms thus, allowing the veil to remain still caught up in the hand which rests on your bosom, at the same time cast up your eyes, and throw over your countenance an expression of pensive expectation.

Her pupil *tried* to obey; but those bright orbs, in defiance of her best en-

deavours to prevent them, would reflect with dazzling radiance, the pleasure which danced in her light heart; and her countenance, instead of appearing touched by melancholy, personified the exquisite picture which Bowles, in his beautiful sonnet to *Harmony*, presents, when speaking of the power her magic notes possess, he says, they can make

“*Hope* wake with brighter eye, and list’ning seem
With smiles, to think on some delightful dream,
That wav’d o’er the charm’d sense its gladsome wing.

As Miss Wanmore now for the first time, since beginning her lecture, fixed her attention on the face of her companion, a painful feeling of envy assailed her; all her good humour fled, in the short minute she contemplated it; and while she said, in a peevish tone, “but I will not longer detain you from your toilette,” she disengaged her *proteus decorament*

from the fair form of Carenthéa; and carefully folding it up, replaced it in her little embroidered bag. Her companion, however, who was too thoroughly pleased with herself to imagine that ing what she had been regarding with so much complacency could possibly ruffle the serenity of another, asked Miss Wanmore, who had made her so accomplished in these elegant arts of coquetry, the question, or rather the compliment she thought it conveyed, somewhat brightened her before lowering visage, as she replied affectedly, “nature, my dear.”

“Nay, you jest,” observed Carenthéa, who thought Miss Wanmore and *the dame* must ever have been utter strangers to each other: “come, come, be honest, and tell me who taught you these charming witcheries?”

“If I must tell you then,” sighed Miss Wanmore, “I learnt them of an —

but, no, positively I will not confess that secret till you have repaid me for those I have already divulged by some of your own."

"If you will not oblige me in this respect," resumed Carenthéa, "I hope you will at least say why you adopt the singular mode of carrying so beautiful an ornament on your arm, instead of wearing it on your head?"

"That is very easily explained," replied Letitia: "I ever bear it about me, that it may be at hand, in case of a sudden occasion to *drape* myself therein, for you are now fully aware how greatly its aid must heighten the effect of those interesting situations into which our sex, at times, are thrown. Now by the use of this small envelope, without risking the rendering my veil too hackneyed, which the constantly wearing it would hazard, I have it always in readiness for instant service, while

this pretty bijou, which conceals it, appears, when thus tastefully suspended, merely a fantastic and lady-like ornament."

The answer Carenthéa was about to make, was here interrupted by a messenger, who informed them that the party below had been for some time waiting dinner; for the young ladies had been too deeply engaged to have noticed the usual signal.

* * * * *

A few mornings after this conversation, the Baron and Villeroze, accompanied by Josephine, arrived at Isenberg, about two hours after breakfast.

While the former was giving the still indisposed girl into the hands of the house-keeper, the Marquis, with a heart palpitating between pleasure at the success of their journey, and anxiety at anticipating what kind of reception he should experience, hastened, with the

permission of the Baron, to the boudoir of Madame, where they had been informed the ladies were sitting.

On this occasion, Villeroze flattered himself, his presence could scarcely be deemed an intrusion; and the privilege of entering this apartment, into which he had never before been admitted, was gratifying to his feelings.

The domestic, who preceded him to shew him the way, throwing open the door without announcing him, he entered unnoticed by any of the party; who were all too deeply engaged to observe his approach; and no one had been prepared for it by hearing the carriage wheels. The Marquis, therefore, had sufficient leisure to remark the different groups, without disturbing them.

Seated in two great chairs, vis-a-vis, were the Lady Marguerite and Doctor Martimas, warmly combating on the subject of the eligibility of female orders

of Knighthood ; which the Doctor treated with disrespectful scorn, sneeringly protesting, that, however properly they might be deemed admissible in the days of Bradamant and Camilla, since the fashion of feminine warriors was exploded, deemed such institutions equally absurd and preposterous.

His venerable opponent, on the other hand very ably supported her own cause, by reminding the Doctor, that although to fight, formed one of the duties of the ancient Knights of Chivalry, with whom had originated the orders in question, yet many great and exemplary virtues were required of them, most of which were equally the duties of her sex, in all ages, to practice and encourage. She then copiously detailed the utilities of the institution of the order of the "*Slaves of Virtue*," of which she formed herself so exemplary a member, adding, with an air of hauteur, that she knew how to excuse one, who had on

the honor of belonging to any of the numerous orders of Knighthood established for his own sex, for not sufficiently appreciating their advantage when considered as incitements to merit.

At a little distance from the disputants, too much engaged at a back-gammon table to attend to the argument, sat Sigismond and Sir Launcelot, each apparently so deeply interested in the fate of their game, as not to think just then of any thing else; notwithstanding the languishing Miss Wanmore (under the pretext of improving herself) had taken her station at the elbow of Carenthéa's handsome brother, and by mincing observations, and once or twice dropping her embroidered bag from her arm, endeavoured to attract his notice.—After Sigismond had mechanically picked it up, and presented it to her, he again forgot she was in the room.

On the opposite side of the boudoir,

the Baroness and Lady Aberdale were talking over a proposal of the latter, for Pauline to accompany her to Rhonburg, whither her Ladyship declared she must go for a few weeks; but promised if Madame Isenberg yielded to her wishes, she would bring back her daughter, on the first summons of her parents.

Pauline, with folded arms, sat silently listening to the conversation, without attempting to claim a voice in its result; though her changes of countenance seemed to proclaim, that she was not an uninterested party in it.

A little farther on, a sight now struck the astonished Marquis, which, in spite of his better resolution, gave a pang to his heart which he could not easily subdue.

At a work table, which was nearly covered with small bits of satin, at the right hand of Carenthéa, evidently like

another Hercules, chained to the distaff, sat his late inflexibly studious friend. The, till now, impenetrably insensible, Don Alphonso Savaadra De Lerma, alternately occupied in shaping, according to her instruction, these bits of satin into various leaves, and admiring her, as she arranged them into a running pattern, for a trimming to decorate a dress, which was to be worn by herself on an approaching festival.

As, from time to time, the scissars dropped from his hand, while his attention was irresistibly attracted from his task to his fair employer, a smile of gratified vanity played round her coral lips, which archly reproached him for his idleness.

How long the Marquis might have continued a motionless observer of this unexpected scene, is uncertain, had not a sweet voice, whose silver tones like magic, restored peace to his bosom,

suddenly struck on his ear, as it exclaimed—"Good heaven! is it really Monsieur Villeroze?"

He turned precipitately, and discovered her whom his eyes had first sought on entering the boudoir, but finding her not, they had been caught by other objects.

Although Viola was at that very time in the apartment, she had been hidden from his observation by the angle of the window recess, in which she was sitting, busily occupied in repluming the shuttle cock of Isidore. The boy had that morning complained to her, that, in consequence of its feathers being ruffled, it would not fly truly; on which she promised him, that before the return of the Marquis, when he had declared he meant to give him his promised revenge, it should be put in order. Villeroze, might have still continued ignorant of his vicinity

to her, had not the air wafted from her lap a feather, by bending forward to recover which, she at that moment perceived the Marquis.

The exclamation of Viola now drew on him general attention, and, before half the greetings he received were over, the Baron joined them; and the rest of the day was passed in narratives and explanations.

“I know not exactly why,” said Viola to Villeroze, with naiveté, in the course of the evening, as they were together, talking over the providential rescue of Josephine, “but when I found *you* had accompanied my papa, I felt confident we should obtain the object, which we have all had so much at heart.

* * * * *

Lady Aberdale, with her son and niece, Doctor Martimas, and Pauline, set off the next day, for Rhonburg.

The death of Josephine's father was

judiciously broken to her, and the tears that good girl shed to his memory were soon after wiped away by the hand of Christophe; who arrived at the hospitable chateau of Isenberg, quite cured of his wounds, and accompanied by his father.

A delightfully pleasant cottage, with every convenience, lately become vacant, was repaired for them by the order of the Baron, on his own domain; in the fitting up of which, with united simplicity and comfort, the Baroness and her youngest daughter were very active.

The thoughts of Villeroze, from this period, became, almost unconsciously to himself, gradually more and more occupied with this fascinating girl; in whom every nearer approach to intimacy developed to him some new and unexpected charm, or sentiment, which harmonized with his own; nor

was he himself completely aware, how entirely the softer graces of her person and manners had obliterated, within the space of a little month, all traces of that prepossession, with which on his first acquaintance with her he had viewed Carenthéa.

When he contrasted her careless and insensible manners, with those of Viola, towards Josephine, during her slow recovery from a relapse which followed her first hearing of the death of her father; and compared the unconscious loveliness of the one with the extravagant vanity of the other; his former admiration of that other was lost in surprise, that he could ever have been so taken with one whose character was so little calculated to accord with his own sensitive nature.

In what light a longer acquaintance with her foibles might exhibit them to his friend, he knew not; but of this he

became sensible, that he no longer envied him those flattering distinctions, which had at first cost him so much, to see lavished by her on another.

During the progress of this revolution in the sentiments of Villeroze, it was obvious to his friends, that scarcely any traces were visible of that sprightliness of disposition which had till then characterized him. This was by them attributed to a feverish indisposition which hung about him for some time after his return from his late expedition.

Vanity, however, whispered Carenthéa that her smiles were alone wanted to restore his former cheerfulness; yet as she conceived this might be effected whenever she pleased, she put off from day to day her charitable intentions in his behalf, and Villeroze daily amended without her aid.

CHAP. II.

IN the mean time, while the happy Christophe and his Josephine, were anticipating years of bliss to be passed in the pleasant cottage destined for their future residence by their noble friends; those friends were engaged in projecting some agreeable species of fete, by which to celebrate the day of their union.

Various were the plans proposed and discussed; none of which appeared to meet with general approbation; at length Sigismond, turning to the Lady Marguerite, who had observed a profound silence during the conversation, said, "May we not hope that my aunt will honor us by her opinion, on this momentous affair?"

“Nephew,” replied the lady, “since you wish me to have a voice in the manner of this oblectation, grant me till to-morrow, when I will deliver unto you the result of my nocturnal cogitations.”

On the following morning, it was with an air of more than usual importance, and a countenance expressive of much self-complacency, that her ladyship entered the apartment, in which the family were already assembled.

The younger members immediately pressed around her, to learn the opinion she had the preceding evening promised them; when, after taking her usual seat, and waving the party to silence, she thus delivered herself:

“The proposal I am about to set forth for your libration, has been suggested to me by Vergilius; I would say his *Bucolicas*: what think you, sister, of an entertainment at once classical, poetical, pastoral, and appropriate?”

“I am all attention,” replied the Baroness (who, not exactly taking in her meaning, was at a loss what comment to hazard on it; though she observed her ladyship paused for an answer) “I am all attention, my dear sister, pray proceed?”

“Thus it is,” resumed the Lady Marguerite; “I am for transforming, for one day, the domain of Isenberg, into the Arcadia of the poets.—These our Juveniles, shall personify the simple Swains and Shepherdesses of Greece; in the which characters they shall conduct to the Hymeneal Altar, the mountain Nymph of the Marquis.”

“Exquisite idea,” cried Carenthéa, in whose fertile brain, a thought instantly sprung up, by which she hoped to render this pastoral fete, a fete of triumph to herself. “Exquisite idea! how greatly are we indebted to you, my dear aunt, for this happy issue of your *nocturnal cogitations*.”

Universal plaudits burst from every mouth, and the Lady Marguerite, highly elated, by the compliments lavished on her, said modestly, "Believe me, sister, in my truination of this festival, I sought to direct my choice (though the task was somewhat operous) by your simple taste, and that of these your offspring, who regard form, for the most part as onorous, more especially when, as in the present juncture, it would mar the intent of the oblectation. I would have it notified, therefore, that the pastoral habiliments which befit persons representing natives of Arcadia should be accompanied by a demeanor void of stateliness."

After the Lady Marguerite had fully ascertained that her proposal met with unanimous approbation, she retired; and the Baroness, with the young ladies, soon repaired to their apartments, for the purpose of consulting on the rustic dresses in which they were to appear.

Carenthéa, more particularly, to digest and execute that plan, by the completion of which she promised herself a triumph, that would indeed render the day to her, a day of Jubilee!

Not long before Sigismond and his friends set out on their excursion from Isenberg, the Marquis had given Carenthea, a proof of gallantry, which she still remembered with proud pleasure, though it was not wholly unmixed with regret that she had not owed it to Don Alphonso rather than Ville-rose. She had one afternoon so well affected extreme regret at the loss of a rare and beautiful carnation, which Frolic wantonly snatched from her hand while she was in the act of admiring and pointing out its perfections to the Marquis, and which the animal in his eagerness to escape punishment for the theft had dropped into the canal, on whose borders the party were strolling;

that Villeroze, unable to bear seeing her vexed, had, at the imminent hazard of being himself precipitated into the water, recovered for her the prize.

It was with an air of much gallantry, that, after having carefully dried it from the wet with which it was surcharged, he presented it to the object of his admiration, delicately insinuating, that a flower which had possessed the power of even slightly agitating her, must henceforth be to him an object of peculiar interest.

The Baroness seriously lectured Villeroze at the time, on the imprudence of indulging, at so great a risk to himself, the whim of her daughter; and Isidore thought it a proof that he was the best tempered chevalier in the world; repeated it as such, to Lady Aberdale and her party, during her stay at Isenberg.

It so happened that Carenthéa, by some adroit compliments a few minutes

before, had put Doctor Martimas into such good spirits, that, anticipating an observation Sir Launcelot was about to make on Isidore's relation, he pronounced with a pompous flourish, "That as the Myrtle had been by the ancients rendered sacred to Venus—the Olive to Minerva—the Dittany, the Poppy, and the Lily to Juno—so ought in future the Carnation to be dedicated to the peerless Lady Carenthéa, since it should seem she honored it with a preference, above other flowers."

The attention with which this had been listened to by the company, convinced Carenthéa that it could not be forgotten. At the time, her inherent vanity was gratified by this publication of a gallantry shewn to herself; and no sooner had the Lady Marguerite hinted at the arcadian festival, than she instantly conceived a plan, by which, she doubted not, but she should receive the tribute

of a decided preference from each Chevalier, by seeing him entwine her self-appropriated flower around his shepherd's crook.

To accomplish this darling wish, leaving her sisters deeply engaged in the choice of their rustic habits, she stole to the apartment of her aunt; who, on being elected supreme directress of the fete, had withdrawn thither to consult the poets on their description of that charming spot which Isenberg on the bridal day was to represent.

Carenthéa, after obtaining admission, under pretence of receiving her instructions, as a guide to her own selection of an appropriate dress, soothed the good lady into perfect complacency, by listening with profound attention to her learned strictures on the Grecian fair, then taking advantage of a pause, she so dexterously suggested her favourite scheme, that her aunt, in adopting it, was quite

unconscious but that it had wholly originated in herself, This plan ordained, that each pretended shepherd should imply, by his choice of a floral wreath, to which nymph his inclination directed his selection of a partner for the day; and to insure a free choice to each Chevalier, it was decreed that Carenthêa should prepare as many wreaths, composed of the flower dedicated to the several ladies, as there were youthful shepherds to chuse from them.

The countenance of Carenthêa, glowed with exultation, as she perceived the Lady Marguerite completely give in to her sinister views.

“But niece,” observed she, after a little consideration, “I hope there is no verisimilitude of any discrepance arising, should a plurality of Chevaliers make choice of the specific wreath dedicated to a particular damsel?”

“As in your ladyship’s great wisdom,

you will without doubt ordain," replied the wily Carenthéa—"that in such an event, the lady's own choice must decide which of the rival candidates is the shepherd of her selection, all possibility of the entrance of the goddess Discord will be precluded," and as she spoke, her eyes sparkled with pleasure, at the belief that she had herself contrived the introduction of the mischievous *apple* destined to secure her triumph.

"Niece," said the cajoled Lady Marguerite, who had not the most remote suspicion of the artifice which had swayed her roguish companion to this suggestion: "Niece, the very eximious regula, you have nominated, is that I have bethought me of establishing. Observe, therefore, such is my ordination."

Thus the very scope of Carenthea's wishes and hopes, which were comprised in securing this last regulation, were accomplished; when with a light step and

and fluttering heart, she hastened back to her own room, to enjoy her agreeable anticipations for a few minutes, before she returned to that in which she had left her sisters.

That De Lerma, Villerosè, and Sir Launcelot, would all contend for the honor of her preference, she felt perfectly confident; and her giddy bosom was filled with delight, as she considered how greatly she should enjoy the anxiety of her humble suitors, while prettily affecting, from modesty, to hesitate in her choice; and finally, in how interesting a point of view she must appear to Don Alphonso at the moment she summoned resolution to fix it on him.

Nor could she, in this intoxicating reverie, forbear pausing, for a moment, to enjoy in idea the mortification and despair of the disappointed Marquis.

Had Carenthéa then conceived an antipathy against Villerosè, that she took

so much pains to humiliate and sadden the pleasure of one, who had in so many instances sought to secure her's ?

By no means: she took not into consideration *his* feelings; the triumph of her own vanity was the sole motive which actuated her.

With a mind in which the seeds of many errors had taken root, the heart of Carenthéa was not bad, but nursed in the lap of indulgent fondness; hitherto securely sheltered from every sorrow, with a perfect self-approbation, and an uncommon share of animal spirits; the careless gaiety of her temper rendered her callous to those nicer emotions, so necessary to teach the individual tenderness for those of others.

Carenthéa's was, in a word, a disposition which could be startled to a sense of her own demerits only by drawing on herself the deserved punishment of her faults: through that very *vanity*,

which for a while bewildered her in a labyrinth of follies, she was to receive those wholesome lessons destined to sober this her giddy votary.

While she was thus employing her time and thoughts, Villeroze, unsuspecting and careless of her plans, having obtained the Baroness's permission to make Isidore the companion of his morning's walk, was leading him towards a beautiful grove at some distance; and it was with partial interest he listened to the sensible little fellow's prattle. As they passed, in their way thither, a charming inclosure, Isidore said, "Now Monsieur le Marquis, if you will come in here, I will shew you the prettiest and most affectionate creature in the world?"

"Do you mean that delicate fawn?" asked Villeroze, as he assisted his young companion to clear the fence.

"Yes, I do," replied the boy: "see, see how gladly she approaches us, snuffing

the air with pleasure at seeing me!—
Poor Fanchon!” pursued he, as he tenderly passed his hand over her glossy sides, and suffered the animal to rub her velvet head against his breast—“poor Fanchon! you have not forgotten your first friend.”

As the Marquis silently contemplated Isidore, thus fondly caressing the playful deer, a sudden recollection flushed on his mind, of a circumstance, which had been nearly forgotten in the variety of events which had succeeded the first impression it had made on him.

This recollection, so suddenly revived by the picture before him, was his stolen visit to the Pagode des Bains, and that sweet model which had at the time so powerfully excited his interest and curiosity. The restless desire he then felt to know whose hand had executed it, now returned in all its original energy; and returned, accompanied by the hope,

that, through his talkative little companion, he should obtain the so much desired information.

“There is a story, my dear Monsieur, about this grateful animal,” observed Isidore, “which made me very sad when it happened, and I dare say it will make you sad when you hear it; but I will tell it you for all that, because I think it will make you love poor Fanchon as much as Viola and I, and indeed all of us do.”

“Does your sister Viola feel more kindness for this gentle animal than the ladies Pauline and Carenthéa, that you particularize her only?” asked Villeroze, who was unaccountably moved at hearing her name joined to those of Isidore and Fanchon.

“Oh, yes,” said Isidore; “and she was a still better friend to her poor Dam than even myself; but I will tell you how it all happened.—You must know, Bibi,

was as pretty and gentle as Fanchon ; just such another ; and she was so tame, that she would suffer me to get on her back, and carry me all over the park, and so gentle, that my mamma, was never afraid to let me mount her ! Well, we all loved Bibi, and rejoiced when she had a beautiful little fawn, as delicate, and as good natured as herself. That fawn, was this very Fanchon. One fine morning, when it was yet quite little, we had been all standing to admire them for a long while, for it was delightful to see how joyfully her fawn played round Bibi, and how pleased she was with its frolics ; and how proud she looked at our admiring them. Viola and I were so taken up, that we did not for some time see that my mamma and my sisters had left us. At last when we found they were quite out of sight, we went after them ; but not till we had taken one more look at poor Bibi and her fawn. Could you

have thought Monsieur," asked Isidore with great earnestness, while tears glistened in his eyes, "could you have thought, that within one hour all their pretty play would be over? yet it was *all* over. After walking a good way without overtaking mamma and my sisters, we agreed to return back the same way we had taken; because we wanted again to see and play with poor Bibi—we did see her, but not happy as we had left her! she was lying almost dead on the grass, which was stained with the blood that fell from her side. The poor creature had received a wound there; though how she came by it we never could find out. Yet we were all sure that it was not done on purpose; for who could be so wicked as wilfully to hurt the most harmless creature in the world? but wounded and dying we found her. My sister, who used to turn pale at the sight of blood, now thought of nothing but

helping our dear Bibi. She tore her cloak, and with it, she tried to stop the blood which ran from her hurt, while she sent me to the chateau for assistance. Ah ! Monsieur, all assistance was useless ; the poor Bibi had died before we came back, yet we found Viola, who knew not that she was gone—quite gone, still kneeling by her, with her hand upon the shocking wound. Poor Viola ! she fancied, as she has since told me, that it was *her hand*, not *death*, that had stopped the blood. Well, I thought I should have broke my heart when I saw the marks of tears which had ran down the sweet pretty face of Bibi—tears of grief, I dare say, at parting from her own pretty fawn, and from us, who loved her so dearly. Viola cried too, but she told me, we must now shew our love to Bibi, by the care we took of her darling little Fanchon, who, though so little, grieved as if she had been sensible of her loss—

she grieved so much, poor thing, that if we had not taken the greatest care of her, she would have died too. Several times every day we used to visit her, and talk to her—and I used to comfort her, and kiss her—and promise her I would love her, as I had loved her dam. At last poor Fanchon *grew* comforted—and now you see she looks as lively and glad, as if she remembered nothing at all of this sad story! Yet she has not forgot to be thankful for the kindness she was shewn at the time, that is plain, by the joy she always shews when she sees us. Look, Monsieur, at her good tempered, pretty eyes? could you not fancy by their looking so kindly on me, that she understands what I have been telling you? Since she has been old enough to take care of herself, we have kept her in this enclosure, because she may run no risk of meeting with such a terrible acci-

dent as poor Bibi, who was quite near the woods when she was killed."

There was so much artless pathos in the voice, the manner, and the sweet countenance of Isidore, while relating his little tale, that Villeroze could not listen to it unmoved; and it was with much tenderness he said, "You have well acquitted yourself towards this playful relic of poor Bibi. Did not all your sisters unite their humane cares to your's in this good office.

"At first they all did," replied Isidore, "but a few days after the sad death of Bibi, Pauline went to Rhonburg—and Carenthêa soon forgot Fanchon in her love for Frolic, who was sent her by Lady Aberdale as soon as she got home. To be sure he was the drollest, the most comical creature in the world; and who can wonder then that Carenthêa, who loves dearly to laugh, should like his di-

verting tricks better than visiting poor unhappy Fanchon; and then she did not see Bibi die you know—but Viola and I did—so we took good care not to let her pretty fawn suffer from our forgetfulness; and we were but the more attentive to her, because others had forgotten her; and that is why she loves us better than any one besides.”

“Sensible Fanchon!” said the Marquis, as, following the example of Isidore, he passed his hand over her sleek coat; “Sensible Fanchon! you must allow me also to be one of your favorites.”

“That she will,” interrupted Isidore, eagerly, “if you will only be kind to her; and as you are so good-natured as to wish her to love you, I will tell you a secret about her and me. In the *Pagode des Bains* there is the prettiest model of us, done in wax, you ever saw, and it is to be sent to Mrs. Maitland, who is very fond of me, and who knew

poor Bibi, as well as Fanchon. My mamma says it is a very great likeness, and that Mrs. Maitland will much value it, not only for my sake, but because it is a proof of the improvement my sister has made in modelling since she left Isenberg."

"Is it then executed by the Lady Pauline?" asked Villerose.

"Oh no!" replied the boy; "Pauline has no taste for the art; and Mrs. Maitland, who is herself mistress of it, soon gave over the teaching her; and she thought it better to assist her in the pursuit of one she was much fonder of, which is Conchology, as they call the study of shells; and Pauline delights in that."

"Is it possible, then, that the gay Lady Carenthéa, who could not spare sufficient time to assist you in the care of Fanchon, as long as the poor animal stood in need of your attention—is it possible that *she* could find leisure to

fashion the representation of her and her young protector, of which you have been speaking ?”

“Carenthéa !” echoed Isidore, laughing heartily : “ what could put it into your head, Monsieur le Marquis, that she should succeed in modelling better than Pauline ? No, no, there was still less chance of her ever making any hand of it, because she has no patience ; and I have often heard my mamma say, that scarcely any thing can be properly learnt without patience, and perseverance too : at least a great deal of both was required to arrive at the excellence Viola has done. Now Carenthéa has very little of either ; so, as Mrs. Maitland thought, that, without a kind of genius as she used to call it, for such works, it was only losing time to attempt it, she let Carenthéa amuse herself in the way her own inclination directed her, which was making flowers ; and I do think she

makes them beautifully : you would be surprised to see how natural they are. Yet, as she says flowers are of no other use than to decorate herself with, she never troubles her head to learn their right names, nor to class them properly, as I think they call it; and, indeed, if she classed them ever so well, or called them by ever so hard names, I do not think she could make them a bit the better for it, at least so I have often heard her tell my mamma and Mrs. Maitland."

"The Lady Viola then executed the pretty model which the Baroness thinks Mrs. Maitland will so much value?" observed Villeroze with emotion.

"Yes, certainly," replied Isidore: "did I not tell you so before.—However you must not say a word about it, because she would not like to have it known."

"And why not," asked the Marquis: "if it is as pretty as you tell me, surely she would only gain applause and ad-

miration of her talents, by allowing it to be known that she possesses them."

"That is the very thing," said Isidore, "that she does not like. She cannot bear to make herself talked of in company, so that is the reason she will never sing or play before any one but our own family, and Lady Aberdale, who is as it were one of us; and yet I have heard her Ladyship say, that Viola sings like an angel, and so I think she does, though she is not a bit proud of it. Now that puts me in mind of what I heard Mrs. Maitland observe to my mamma the evening before she left Isenberg; they did not think I heeded her, but I did for all that." Isidore then in his childish language repeated the substance of the judicious Mrs. Maitland's observation, which imported—That she had never in any being but Viola, seen a mind so superior, adorned by such innate modesty; so much genius, so happily tempered by

sensibility; and that what completed the loveliness of her character was her enchanting simplicity of manners, which, to one who had studied her every thought and action as she had done, rendered her not less the object of her love than of her esteem and admiration. "I verily believe," continued Isidore, "these were her very words, for I repeated them over to myself several times afterwards, because my mamma cried so when she listened to them, and I never could find out what there was in them to make her cry. But we shall not reach the grove to day, Monsieur, if we stay here much longer, so we must leave you, Fanchon."

The boy now, taking a very affectionate leave of the fawn, gave Villeroze his hand, and in a few minute quitting the inclosure, they pursued their way towards the spot destined to be the boundary of their morning's walk.

After regaining the open park, as Isi-

dore skipped joyfully before the Marquis, from time to time, stopping to cull the wild flowers which grew in their paths, Villeroze, pensive and abstracted, meditated much on what he had just heard, and on all he had remarked since his return, after their first excursion from Isenberg. He contrasted the character and intrinsic worth of the brilliant—the animated Carenthéa, with that of the gentle—the humane—the retiring Viola. The contrast proved inimical to the complete triumph, that favourite of Thalia was just then projecting! Villeroze recalled her sportive graces—her once encouraging smiles—her coquetry which had persuaded him *he* was the object of her preference, even at the moment it was decidedly given in favour of another: but he recalled them without any sentiment but that of surprise at his own want of penetration. As he dwelt on these remembrances, he found, that all

the bright colours had faded, in which his imagination had first decked her, and left his undazzled judgment free to compare dispassionately her character with that of her younger sister. That modest reserve which, but for an accident, entirely unknown to herself, would have left him ignorant that she had ever honoured him by the slightest notice, arose to his memory, and with it the candor of her judgment; the benign interest she took in the happiness of Josephine—the amiable traits which Isidore, in his childish innocence, had with so much simplicity revealed to him, but which nevertheless had made on him an everlasting impression. The taste, the spirit, the feeling, exhibited in that exquisite model, fashioned by her hands, then pressed on his memory, and excited, as it revived there, more than his original admiration! What a mind must she possess, reflected he! Sweet girl! It is in vain she so in-

dustriously seeks to hide those transcendent excellencies which are but the more dangerously fascinating, from the care with which she veils them. Good God ! what a creature will she appear, when, by a freer communication with the world, her native timidity yields to that easy unreserve which will render all the beauties of her character conspicuous. Rather should I say, what happiness will be the portion of that man, who can steal into her guileless heart, and making it its own, himself unfold all the treasures of her mind !

* * * * *

It must be confessed that the roguish Cupid had but ill seconded the pains Carenthéa was at that very time so assiduously taking to bring about the accomplishment of those fond wishes she depended on realizing on the bridal day. Perhaps he resented her so confidently relying on her own charms, instead of

supplicating his mighty aid, and intended at once to mark his displeasure, and punish her presumption. However this may be, the artful deity could not have devised a more malicious trick to render her deep-laid scheme wholly abortive, than by making Isidore so well time his chusing, as the theme of his prattle, the interesting Viola, and confiding to the Marquis his little secret. It was at the very moment Villeroze, softened by his artless tale, was listening with pleased emotion to the real name of the artist, that the malign son of Venus, selecting one of his truest arrows, aimed it so successfully at the unguarded heart of the Marquis, that it became fixed there for life !

CHAP. III.

WHILE the minds of the younger party at Isenberg were thus variously occupied, great preparations were going on, under the direction of the Lady Marguerite, in order to render her Arcadian fete, as classical as the nature of the thing would admit.

The Baroness had dispatched a courier to Rhonburg, for the purpose of informing her friends there that she was impatient to know when she might expect them; as, the day following their arrival, she should fix on for the marriage of Josephine; and the domestic in due time brought back the desired answer.

Invitations were now sent to all the neighbouring families, requesting them

to join in the pleasures of the entertainment; and at the period appointed by Lady Aberdale, the Baroness had the happiness of again receiving at Isenberg her Pauline and that friend for whose sake alone she could have been prevailed on so frequently to part from her child.

Carenthéa, who was on the tip-toe of hope and expectation, soon perceived, that on the lip of the Doctor sat a supercilious smile, which seemed to challenge the abilities of her aunt in the discharge of the task she had undertaken; and she could not without joy anticipate the altercations which she foresaw this predisposition of Martimas must inevitably introduce.

“To be sure,” said she, as she gaily tripped to her own room, on the party’s separating to prepare for dinner; “to be sure, he is a treasure of a man, and will complete, by his exquisite ill nature, my

delight on this bridal occasion. For, after all, without some one to laugh at, as well as some one to teize, life is but a dull thing at best. And then the simpering, the affected, the absurd Miss Wanmore! Well, I am really greatly obliged to Lady Aberdale for so amusingly diversifying our party. Though, to say the truth, Sir Launcelot has not half the capability of charming me he used to have before he partly lost, on his travels, those woe-begone, lacky-daisycal manners, which, as a boy, so amusingly distinguished him; for he is now nothing better than a tolerable sort of respectable young man, than which nothing can be less enlivening. It is very astonishing to observe the unaccountable changes which happen to some people! There is the Marquis, now, for instance: he has never said one thing worth attending to since he so worried and harrassed himself about is pretty shepherdess, forsooth! I de-

clare I shall not be at all surprized if he is meditating the turning shepherd himself; and that accounts for his now going every day with Isidore to see Fanchon. I dare say he does it by way of bringing in his hand a little before he gets a flock of his own to tend. Seriously speaking, there is scarcely a pin to chuse between him and Sir Launcelot; and if it were not for the pleasure of sacrificing them both to Don Alphonso, after sufficiently tormenting him with the apprehension that one of them is preferred to himself, I should think I had miserably thrown away the time and trouble I have taken to secure my triumph over them."

Yet, while Carenthéa thus soliloquized, she was neglecting no one female art which dress could furnish, to fascinate these very worthless Chevaliers, whom she thus allowed to divide her thoughts with De Lerma. At length her toilet

was completed, and she surveyed in the magnificent mirror before her, her very lovely person.

Who could survey it so adorned, without pleasure. That which its contemplation afforded Carenthéa, was so great, that her sisters found her still engaged in the enjoyment of it when they sought her in the dressing room, to say the party waited dinner for her.

In the afternoon the Baroness looking round on the daughters, said with a smile, "Prepare yourselves, my children, for a very agreeable piece of intelligence. Our jubilee of to-morrow will be graced by the presence of a guest whom we little expected. But not to keep you in suspense, it is no other than the Chevalier Florio, who writes me, that, finding it impossible to quit Germany without once more visiting Isenberg and its beloved inhabitants, he has resolved on reaching it by Thursday's dawn."

There was in the smile and whole manner of the Baroness, while speaking, a mysterious significance which, while it gave uneasiness to some part of the company, convinced them it was not intended to be understood by all. Under this feeling, Don Alphonso and the Marquis turned their observations from the mother to her attentive daughters, whose countenances were expressive of animated pleasure.

“Who is this Chevalier Florio,” demanded Sigismond, somewhat impatiently, “whose expected presence seems so agreeable to my sisters?”

“I refer you to my friend,” replied the Baroness, “for any information you may wish respecting him; since to her we are indebted, for the pleasure of his acquaintance. He accompanied her here a few months before her voyage to England, and was so much pleased with his reception, as to continue several weeks our guest.”

On Sigismond's repeating his question to Lady Aberdale, she replied, that although the Chevalier was not a native of Poland, he at present considered it as his country; being nearly allied to the present monarch. That on visiting Bavaria, the preceding year, he had brought letters of introduction to herself; and as it was only necessary to know him in order to admire his rare endowments, it very naturally happened that their acquaintance had by degrees ripened into friendship. She added, that she had no doubt but when Sigismond had seen as much of him as was necessary to develope the *agrèments* of his character, he would concur with his family and herself in the high admiration with which he had inspired them.

“The Chevalier Florio is the first very eccentric character I ever greatly liked,” observed the Baroness; “and when a few more years shall have sobered

his judgment, and taught him to act rationally, (which I admit he by no means does at present) he will as much challenge the esteem, as he now creates the charm, of all who know him."

"Upon my word, this same Chevalier, seems to be a very happy man, in the indulgence with which you ladies favor him," said Sigismond with unusual gravity: "I know not what effect your panegyrics have produced on De Lerma and Villeroze, but, for myself, I doubt I shall scarcely concur with you in your too evident partiality."

"Have a care!" said Lady Aberdale, laughing, "that you incur not the imputation of *envying* this favorite Chevalier; I assure you he is *beau comme le jour*, and I have heard it insinuated, that envy is a passion not so wholly of *feminine* growth as your sex would have it thought."

"Pray young ladies," asked Sigis-

mond, resuming his accustomed drollery,
“do *you* think the Chevalier Florio *beau*
comme le jour ?”

They all unhesitatingly answered in the affirmative ; and their brother was on the point of rallying them on the subject, when the very loud and supercilious key in which the voice of Doctor Martimas broke on their ear, (who was at the other end of the room, conversing with the Lady Marguerite, the Baron, and Sir Launcelot) for the present suspended the conversation, and induced the Baroness and Lady Aberdale to use their exertions in conciliating the disputants ; for his venerable opponent seemed little disposed to brook the unceremoniousness with which his dogmatic axioms were laid down, or to allow them to pass unanswered.

“Had you truinated this matter with imprejudication,” said the Lady Marguerite, “prior to the existimation you

have with so much tetricity delivered, it must have been obvious to you, Doctor Gregory Martimas, that your incondite vaniloquence must appear to me either arising from incogitancy, or an innane kenodoxy, which gives you an exopation temerariouſly to insinuate, that those of my sex must necessarily be nescious on topics of erudition."

While Lady Aberdale, by calling on Doctor Martimas for an explanation of what had so much offended the Lady Marguerite, was diverting him from further irritating her by replying to the speech she had just pronounced, the Baroness learnt from Sir Launcelot, that this angry dialogue had originated in the gentleman's demanding, in a tone of ridicule, if her ladyship imagined Christophe would consider as binding on him those arcadian forms, by which he understood she meant to solemnize their nuptials.

The lady had at first, with much condescension, informed him, that, previous to these ceremonials, the young couple were to be married in the chapel of the chateau, according to the rites of their church; which solemnity was to be followed by those pastoral ones, that had, according to the poets, been practised in Arcadia.

This answer, however satisfactory, was unfortunately far from inducing the doctor to relinquish the style of irony in which he was disposed to indulge himself towards her ladyship; and, at a loss in what other way to attack her, he had presumed to call in question her accuracy in regard to those authorities which she quoted in support of the correctness of her ordinations.

To prevent a recurrence of this delicate subject, the Baroness now invited Doctor Martimas to accompany the party in a walk as far as the newly re-

paired cottage of Josephine, which he accepted ; and after their return she took such effectual care to direct the conversation from that topic, which might renew the altercation, that tranquillity was preserved for the remainder of the evening.

By this obliging attention of the Baroness, the Lady Marguerite had forgotten, long before the party separated for the night, the little vexations which had for a time so considerably ruffled the placidity of her temper, and broken in on the complacency with which she anticipated her *oblectation* of the morrow.

CHAP. IV.

THAT morrow, at length, dawned cheerily on the inhabitants of Isenberg; and, at the appointed hour, the bride and bridegroom were conducted by their noble friends to that altar, at whose feet they pronounced, with religious fervor, those willing vows, which united for life their future fates.

No sooner had they received the nuptial benediction, than the whole party returned to the chateau, where the married pair were to pass the day. After partaking of a splendid *dejeunè*, the younger members, leaving Christophe and Josephine to congratulate themselves and each other on the happy termination of their recent sorrows, retired to their

several dressing rooms, to assume the costume of those pastoral children of Greece, the memory of whose innocence and felicity has been so greatly celebrated.

The Lady Marguerite, in the meantime, proceeding to the grand saloon, took her seat in great state at the upper end ; where she awaited with the Baron, his Gertrude, Lady Aberdale, Delmond, and Doctor Martimas, the re-assembling of the rest of the family ; and the arrival of those guests who had promised to partake in the festival of the day.

Don Alphonso, Villeroze, Sigismond, and Sir Launcelot, soon made their appearance ; and, after passing in review before her ladyship, received her commendations on the correctness with which they had observed her instructions respecting their attire and deportment.

They were not long after followed by Pauline ; the tall and graceful majesty of

whose figure, appeared eminently conspicuous in the simple robe which veiled it; yet an air of such unusual langor pervaded her whole person, as to strike every eye on her first entrance.

The Baroness had remarked this on her arrival the preceding day; but she assured her mother, on being anxiously questioned on the subject, that it proceeded merely from a slight fatigue, occasioned by her journey, which a night's rest would completely recruit.

Contrary however to this prediction, she arose with cheeks still paler than before, while her heavy eyes bore testimony to her having passed a part of those hours, she should have devoted to sleep, in weeping.

Striking was the contrast which the blooming, dimpled Carenthéa formed to her elder sister, as, with elastic step and a countenance irradiated by plea-

sure, she tripped after her towards the mistress of the ceremonies.

Viola, lovely as the soft bud of a flower just beginning to expand its tender leaves to the dews of spring, with sweet and modest grace, next advanced.

A considerable time elapsed before the ever tardy Miss Wanmore had completed the labours of her toilet, and joined the expecting party.

While the company were, with no common admiration, contemplating the beautiful daughters of the house of Isenberg, their attention was called off by the sound of a vehicle, which, on approaching, was discovered to be remarkable for its light and elegant construction. It was preceded by several outriders, and, followed by a train of servants, was seen driving up the front avenue.

“As I live, the Chevalier Florio!”

exclaimed Lady Aberdale. "He is true to his appointment you perceive."

Every eye was fixed on this modern Paris, as, with the easy assured air of one who is perfectly enamoured of himself and every thing appertaining to him, he lightly sprang from his carriage, and familiarly returned the salutations with which the ladies from the windows of the saloon were favoring him.

The next moment the door was thrown open: the Chevalier was announced; and while joy illumined every female face, each eagerly pressed forward to receive him. Even Pauline's features lost their pensive expression, as she returned his animated greetings.

Well was Lady Aberdale justified in pronouncing the Chevalier Florio to be "*beau comme le jour*," since envy herself could not have discovered one blemish in his exquisitely turned features; or the fine contour of his face. Some,

indeed, might have objected that his height was rather below the middle standard, and, that in point of symmetry, he was inferior to Don Alphonso or the Marquis: but these trifling disadvantages were forgotten in his graceful deportment; the charm and vivacity of his every look and action, so expressive of the gaiety and volatility of his temperament; his refined taste in dress, so studiously setting off all the advantages of his person; and the agreeable *nonchalance* with which he trifled and entertained the ladies.—In a word, the Chevalier Florio appeared formed to captivate the female world, and his whole behaviour testified that he had all the confidence of one who fully appretiates the possession of such powers.

It is not surprising therefore that the reception of this consummate coxcomb (as he was thought by Sigismond and his friends) was not marked on their

part by any of those extravagant symptoms of pleasure, which seemed to animate for a while every female breast. Nor could any one of his own sex present, the Baron excepted, remark without impatience the complacency with which the Baroness and Lady Aberdale listened to his rhapsodical rattle.

“By my reputation,” said the Chevalier, as, carelessly throwing himself into a chair next the Lady Marguerite, he took a scrutinizing survey of her three lovely nieces, “by my reputation, your ladyship cannot easily imagine how very pleasing a vibration of my optic nerves is produced by the contemplation of these my charming friends, *habited il pastorale*. But suffer me to pour into your ear my gratitude for your condescending to dispatch last evening, for my instruction, your plan of to-day, with the copy of your incomparable epithalamium. I have been attentively conning it,

during my drive hither, and I flatter myself I shall not utterly disgrace your company, by making one of them, should your ladyship deign to award me a part to sustain."

"Nay, Chevalier," said the Lady Marguerite in a flattering voice, "the treachability of your omnigenious mind cannot fail to have rendered my exegetical documents quite sufficient to prepare you for the undertaking any part, however implex, without onerating yourself."

"By my honor," replied the Chevalier, in a tone of affected humility, "by my honor, your ladyship so puts me to the blush, by such unmerited compliments addressed to so unworthy a subject, that, with your permission, I will wave bringing my reputation into hazard by attempting any other character, than the one in which I have the supreme felicity of being thought not ab-

solutely intolerable by yourself, and these your divine relatives."

If any thing could have added to the impatience with which some part of the company listened to this jargon, it was the assenting smile which beamed on every face as the Chevalier conceitedly cast his eyes round the circle, as if to challenge their approbation, the visible testimonies of which he acknowledged, by laying his spread hand on his breast as he profoundly bowed his thanks.

This irksome scene was however soon put an end to by the arrival of the rest of the expected guests, to whom the Baroness then directed those attentions which Florio had for a while exclusively occupied. That Chevalier now accompanied Pauline to an open window at the other extremity of the saloon, where dismissing all affectation from his behaviour, he appeared questioning, with much earnestness, his fair companion;

and listening with no common interest to her answers; while, from time to time, Villeroze, whose looks had followed them thither, remarked that Pauline wiped from her eyes tears, which she sought to hide from the rest of the company; who were all but himself too much engrossed in attending to the Lady Marguerite, to notice what was passing between them.

In the mean time Don Alphonso, forgetting his momentary mortification at the marks of partiality Carenthéa had been shewing the Chevalier, and encouraged by a smile from her, had taken his place between herself and Viola; and was relating something to them which rivetted on his face the eyes of both sisters.

The company had not remained long thus engaged, when the Lady President led the way to that part of the pleasure grounds, which, on account of their

beautiful irregularity, she had classically fixed on for the exhibition of the festival of the day, as bearing a kind of miniature resemblance to the celebrated mountains of Arcadia.

The weather was lovely, the sky unclouded, and the air serene.—To avoid the too scorching rays of that heavenly orb which shone on them in all its splendor, the party gladly retired to that delicious shelter which the Lady Marguerite had so appropriately prepared for their reception.

She had caused to be removed hither, from the choice conservatory of Isenberg, a number of fine orange trees, whose branches where thickly laden with their perfumed blossoms. These were so artfully disposed beneath trees of higher growth, as to form a complete shade, while their flowers fell in negligent festoons over the heads of the company, and regaled them with their fragrant treasures.

At a small distance on the right was seen slowly gliding past them a beautiful stream, which, after tumbling down a rocky precipice within a distant view, stole quietly from its foot; and, as it branched into various smaller channels, appeared to fertilize the pomegranate, the almond, the citron, the laurel, the rose, and the myrtle trees, which were tastefully disposed here and there within these Arcadian bounds; while the dittany with its downy leaves and purple flowers (celebrated by Theophrastus as the most valuable of plants known to man, and by Virgil for its panacean qualities in the cure of the wounded wild goat), was here and there seen to put forth its slender branches from the cliffs of a neighbouring rock, and to fringe its craggy base.

The low murmurs of the rivulet, soothing the attentive ear, aided the magic delusion, as the light breeze,

playing amidst the exotic foliage, bore on its wings at intervals the exquisite odours they exhaled, while, by animating, it exhibited the dazzling brilliancy of their variegated tints to the charmed company, who fancied themselves transported to some enchanting bower of Pelasgia.

It was with an air of no ordinary triumph, that the Lady Marguerite cast around her enquiring eye: surprize and pleasure beamed on every countenance; even the supercilious Doctor Martimas attempted not to break the silence which prevailed. He was either too much pleased with the lovely scene around, to feel disposed to indulge in his usual petulance, or was pausing in the hope of catching at some classical inaccuracy, which would give him a fair ground on which to challenge his venerable rival.

Directing their looks to the left, the party now perceived one myrtle tree of

remarkable magnitude, whose dark verdure was beautifully contrasted by its white blossoms, bordered on the inner part of each leaf by an edging of purple. Their intermixture with the glittering foliage forming a most pleasing effect, as it was viewed, placed alone, on a raised platform of turf; while from its waving branches were seen floating those dedicated wreaths, which there invited the selection of each noble shepherd.

At the foot of this tree of love was raised a simple altar, on whose rude table was laid two branches of ivy, as symbolic of those lasting bands which united the newly married pair.

And now was seen advancing to the measure of a soft pastoral air—charmingly executed by the Chevalier Florio on a pipe of Pan—two exquisite groups. In the foreground of the first, Isidore, representing Cupid, was discovered leading forward by a wreath of roses the blush-

ing Josephine, who on each side was supported by the daughters of Isenberg and their young guest.

This sweet party was followed by a train of peasant girls, dressed with simple neatness, carrying in their hands calathuses filled with choice fruit, which, as their leaders passed on to take their station on one side of the altar, they respectfully offered to the company, and then proceeded to place themselves behind the bride.

Christophe next came forward, supported by Sigismond with his friends, and followed by the same number of young peasants as composed the female suite: they fell back on the other side the altar in the same order as the bride's party.

Isidore then, ascending the grassy steps, placed himself on the platform, beside the tree of love, and beckoning the lovers, they approached the altar, on

which each deposited a lock of hair. That of Christophe was wound about a handful of grass, as a symbol of his future occupation. The lock of Josephine surrounded a spindle, as emblematic of her future industry.

Cupid then, taking from the altar the two branches of ivy, entwined them around the happy pair, while, in his sweet and infantine voice to a simple yet touching air, he sang——

“Christophe, happy and worthy husband of thy Josephine! turn thine eyes on thy spouse, and survey her modest beauties, and the animated freshness which embellishes her charms.

“As the rose is the queen of flowers, Josephine is the soft lily of the vale.

“Christophe, happy and worthy husband of thy Josephine, turn thine eyes on thy love.”

A fine chorus of female voices was now heard to chaunt——

“We are in the spring of our years, and are esteemed amongst the fair—yet is there not one of us, O! Josephine! whose charms can compare to thine.

“Like the Thessalian courser, exalted above her companions—like the lily, the pride of the garden—Josephine is the ornament of our nymphs.

“O! charming maid! to-morrow we will repair to the enamelled mead, and cull flowers to compose for thee a crown.

“We will hang it on this myrtle tree, at the foot of which we will pour forth perfumes in thine honor, and on its bark we will inscribe these words;—Offer to me your incense, for I am the tree of Josephine.”

The chorus was now swelled by the union of the male voices as they continued.

“We salute thee, happy bride—we salute thee happy bridegroom.

“May you repose in the bosom of

tranquillity, henceforth breathing only the most tender love ; and may you see your children's children sporting around you.

“ We celebrate you in our song, O ! Hymen !—source of life.

“ We celebrate you in our song, O ! Hymen—Hymeneas—Hymen !”

As this air terminated in a dying cadence, Isidore, agreeably to the Lady Marguerite's previous instructions, summoned the noble shepherds to chuse their lovely partners ; and, as the one who had taken the most lively interest in the fortunes of Josephine, he first named Villeroze to advance.

And now was that moment arrived, at the anticipation only of which Carenthéa's bosom had so often fluttered.

While the marquis obeyed the summons of the deity, she stepped to a little distance from her companions, the more fully to display those graces,

with which she meant to play her part, and her eye steadily marked Villeroze, as, approaching the tree of love, he extended towards it an unsteady hand.

At that moment a slight breeze agitating the flowers pending from its fragrant branches, appeared gently to fan towards him, as if soliciting his acceptance, her beautifully variegated carnation, whose ruby tints shone with more brilliant radiance from the relief its snowy stripes afforded to the exquisite richness of its dyes, while its finely formed leaves and spicy odours might well have given it a pre-eminence in the choice of a *hesitating* selector.

Villeroze did *not* hesitate:—withdrawing his hand from its inviting advance, he detached from a bough beneath a wreath of violets.

Surprize, mortification, and disappointment, suffused the cheeks of Carenthéa with a hue not less glowing than those

of her favorite Dianthus, as she perceived the Marquis immediately approach her younger sister, who was but a few paces from her, and with an air of mingled diffidence, and tenderness, which the playful manner he attempted to assume, but ill concealed, address, in low voice, to her these words :

“As the *Bee* of your Gessner, after irresolutely fluttering amid the flowers which surround the rose, on perceiving her, no longer hesitates ; so I—first attracted to *your* flower by its soft perfume, on discovering the hidden treasures its retiring modesty would conceal—like that insect, no longer hesitate.”

If such was the effect on Carenthéa, of an event she had never taken into her calculation as possible, not less visible was the emotion with which Viola received a compliment so entirely unexpected.

The bosoms of the sisters were agitated

by quite opposite sentiments, yet the external marks of those sentiments might have been thought, by a superficial observer, precisely similar ; since the colour of Viola, naturally of a far more delicate tint, was for some time heightened to a brilliance which might have vied with that of Carenthéa.

The Marquis, however, was too deeply interested a party not to penetrate through the veil of modesty which would have concealed it ; that if it was with an unsteady finger she performed her office, that unsteadiness was not occasioned by the task's being uncongenial with her inclinations.

But Cupid had not yet vented all the malicious rogueries he had planned against poor Carenthéa ! for now Sir Launcelot, obeying the summons of Isidore, approached the hallowed tree.

Again her gay carnation seemed to tempt his outstretched hand, but, passing

it by, he proclaimed his choice of the pensive Pauline, by taking from the myrtle her chaplet of jasmine.

The jarring feelings which this second slight occasioned, for awhile deranged the usual harmony of Carenthéa's temper; it was however in some measure attuned by Don Alphonso, as soon as he was called on to make his election.

That tempting flower which had been twice rejected was no longer left there a melancholy memorial of her self-imagined humiliation. It was eagerly appropriated by the gallant Spaniard, who instantly approached her with an animated pleasure, resulting from the certainty, that he had no rival for her favor.

Carenthéa made a courageous effort to hide her keen sense of the severest mortification she had ever experienced; and to perform the part of affixing it on his shepherd's crook with her usually easy grace.

Sigismond, now presenting to Miss Wanmore her chaplet of Daffodils, that young lady, with her wonted affectation, conferred on him the same honor.

This ceremony gone through, the voice of Isidore was heard to pronounce —

“Begin, young men, the hymn: let your harps break their inglorious silence; and the dance, in mystic numbers trod, explain the music.”

The Chevalier Florio, on this signal, tuning a lyre which was presented him by Cupid, accompanied the instrument with a voice, whose divine tones imparted the most exquisite pleasure to his listeners; while they filled those amongst them with astonishment who had never before heard him.

Even Doctor Martimas was affected by their soothing powers; and, to the infinite gratification of the Lady Marguerite, frequently protested, that the Che-

valier might well be mistaken for the Apollo Nomion.

Complacency sat on her venerable brow, as she viewed tripping past her the nymphs, who were now led by their respective partners to the plot of grass destined for the Pelasgian dance.

Their uniform dresses—the modesty which glowed on the foreheads of some—the sprightly gaiety which embellished the charms of others, as they ranged themselves in a circle around the musician, greatly interested the spectators ; who were still more delighted, as, after the manner of the Grecians, they formed themselves into that singular double chain, within whose links the females were entwined.

Presently these gentle bands were burst asunder, and the group, with playful motion, now advancing—now retreating—now framing many a light fantastic round—appeared awhile involved in intri-

cate though pleasing mazes; then, by graceful evolutions, they fell gradually into their original stations.

During the varieties of the dance, the Chevalier Florio most admirably sustained the character Doctor Martimas had ascribed to him; for as his “flying fingers” swept the golden lyre, its sprightly notes roused to animation the frolic dancers, and inspired them with sportive graces as they trod the circled green.

Presently the musician, changing his airy measure for one of melting sweetness, skilfully prolonged his touching strain; at every pause breathing forth, in responsive echo, his penetrating voice, which at intervals died away in hollow murmurs, and diffused over his before joyous companions the plaintive tenderness his notes expressed.

The peasants now retiring from the circle, Sigismond, his sisters, and their four guests, so admirably adapted their

graceful movements to harmonize with the plaintive measure of the music, as wonderfully to heighten its effect.

The contrast which the present formed to their preceding fairy movements, was not more remarkable than was the different operation of the same sentiment, in the bosom of Don Alphonso and his friend.

Love with equal balance swayed the actions of both, and rendered to each the delight exquisite with which they encircled their charming partners, as the meandering figure from time to time dictated.

It was with impassioned emotion, that, on these occasions, De Lerma pressed in his arms the enticing Carenthéa; while Villeroze, on the contrary, as the enthusiastic tenderness which each moment encreased as he contemplated the beautiful timidity of her sister, trembled at the risk of offending her; nor once

dared to take advantage of their situation, though but to touch her hand made his whole frame thrill with pleasure.

Nor did the extraordinary change of character which the Chevaliers in this instance exhibited originate in themselves. The very dissimilar nature of their partners, in reality, produced this seeming revolution. Had Viola in mind resembled Carenthéa, she would never have inspired Villeroze with that self-diffidence which actuated his conduct towards her, and which is perhaps the most indisputable symptom of genuine love.

The Marquis had learnt to respect and admire this fascinating girl before he yielded to her his heart; and the affection founded on a basis so solid, and whose superstructure was raised by his more fully developing the loveliness of her character, was henceforth destined to give to his future life its color.

After the conclusion of this dance, the Chevaliers conducted their fair associates to seats near the company. The Marquis seeing Viola take her place by the side of the Baroness, and indulging himself in a few minutes conversation with them, withdrew, accompanied by his friends, to equip themselves for the next ordination of the Lady Marguerite.

During their absence, she with much candor informed the party that she had received great assistance from Don Alphonso and Villeroze in the conduct of the dances, which those youths were fully qualified to yield her, from having, during their travels into Greece, frequently mingled with the natives in their festive amusements, and thereby rendered themselves masters of their characteristic dances.

The Chevalier Florio had also attended the ladies to their seats, and now, understanding they were not to take a part

in the subsequent exhibitions, positively declined giving his further assistance in them; alleging that he never voluntarily mingled in any recreation from which that sex was banished, in whose society he professed to delight.

After uttering a few extravagant compliments in favor of the airy elegance with which Carenthéa had acquitted herself, and listened with apparent indifference to the high encomiums passed on his musical talents, he resigned his Lyre into less skilful hands, and retired to take his station behind Pauline, to whom he entirely devoted his attentions during the rest of the morning.

The youths soon after made their re-appearance, characteristically dressed for the Phyrrie dance. Each was clad in a short cloak fastened by a girdle; and on their feet were braced the ancient buskin; a quiver filled with arrows depended from their shoulders, and on their arms

they carried a bent bow; while at their side was girded a sword of considerable length.

Thus arrayed, they began the dance, whose three first movements were exactly calculated to exhibit the peculiar steps.—When these were performed, after forming themselves into a circle, they fell back into two parallel lines, and assumed the threatening appearance of contending armies.

While the spectators were trembling for the effect of their well acted rage (which nevertheless prevented not their movements faithfully observing the measure of the music, and their feet the steps of the dance), they suddenly separated into pairs, as if on the point of engaging in single combat.

Still did the beholders look on with fearful admiration, as, by their dexterous manœuvres and gestures of defiance, they at each moment gave promise of commencing the attack.

At length as the apprehensions of the company had risen to an almost painful height, the menacing looks of the combatants gradually relaxed into smiles and greetings, and the dance (during the whole of which their voices accompanied the music) was concluded amid the most general applause.

The Lady Marguerite was particularly animated in her expressions of approbation, and declared she had derived a very high satisfaction from the exhibition of that anciently favorite dance of the Greeks. She obligingly informed those who were disposed to listen to her, that it had unfortunately, since the degeneracy of that people, fallen into disuse, except among the Spachiots, a race of Candians who had retired to the White Mountains; so called, from their being during half the year covered with snow. There these people fed numerous flocks of goats and sheep, kept bees, and made

excellent cheese, which in flavor was said to resemble that of Parmesan; selling their superfluous productions in the neighbouring towns and cities. Yet as the Spachiots intermixed less with the various nations, who at different times had occupied the island, than the inhabitants of the plains, they not only spoke a purer dialect than the rest of the Canadians, but retained many of the ancient customs of their ancestors, and even some features of their character; still preserving though, not in its original force, the dividing the people into two distinct classes; those of the youths and the adults.

The Lady Marguerite, who had now mounted her hobby-horse, proceeded with increasing animation, to remark that as when Belum, the great general of Alexander, had visited them, they were esteemed by him the best archers of the island, from their using larger bows, and shewing more courage, skill and vigor,

than the rest of the Greeks ; so now that the fusee had succeeded to the bow they discovered no less superior dexterity in the handling that weapon ; and besides equally distinguished themselves as excellent hunters.

It is uncertain how much longer her ladyship might have continued to descant on this favorite subject, had not her attention been called off by a sight, for which she was as much unprepared as the rest of the party.

Christophe was seen to enter the dancing ground armed after the manner of the ancient Magnesians : at first he looked cautiously about him with enquiring glances, then laid aside his accoutrements and disappeared.

Soon after he returned in the character of a labourer, guiding with one hand a plough to which was yoked a fine team of oxen, with the other scattering on the earth the seeds of harvest.—Yet

during the performance of this labour he from time to time anxiously turned on all sides, as if to ascertain that no danger threatened him.

While he was thus employed, a peasant made his appearance, equipped as a robber; on perceiving whom, Christophe, precipitately quitting his agricultural avocation, flew to seize his arms, and placed himself in a resolute posture to defend his oxen and plough, which seemed to be the objects of the plunderer's cupidity.

A skilful encounter was now commenced, each combatant admirably maintaining his ground. Victory, with her crimson wings, one moment appeared to hover over the head of the bridegroom, the next to extend them towards that of his antagonist. At length, after a trial of skill, in which much precision and dexterity were on both sides exhibited, Christophe disarmed his opponent, and was proclaimed the victor.

This conquest assured to him the team of oxen, with a complete collection of all the necessary implements of husbandry which could be useful to him in his future occupation.

On the Lady Marguerite's anxiously demanding the explanation of this exercise, Villeroze said, he hoped she would pardon his having taken the liberty of introducing [this dance unsanctioned by her permission, which was called the *Carpæa* by the Magnesians,* who had encouraged it formerly among their peasants, for the purpose of teaching them to defend themselves against the attack of ruffians; and the better to rouse their emulation, they were accustomed to give prizes, similar to that he had provided, which became the property of the conqueror. He added, that he could not resist the opportunity that day offered him, of conferring on Christophe a

* This dance was also practised by the Athenians.

marriage present, in a way, which must render it doubly valuable, by the occasion it yielded him of shining in the eyes of his bride. This it was obvious to every one he had done, by his address in a game which had been so greatly esteemed in that country, whose manners her ladyship had ordained should regulate their mornings amusements.

“Marquis,” said the Lady Marguerite, “I am far from disesteeming your enunciative exegesis of this endemial exertation. It was doubtless a sagacious ex-cogitation of the Magnescians, and I applaud not more the eximious manner of your giving us its delucidation, than I am thankful for the omologious manner of your obliging us with its representation.

While her ladyship was thus delivering her opinion of the agreeable surprise with which Villerose had entertained them, his eyes were anxiously turned

towards the Baroness, who, on perceiving it, gave him a nod of encouragement, which induced him to avail himself of the first pause in his venerable harranguers speech to follow his earnest wish—that of enjoying the privilege awarded him, of dedicating himself the remainder of the day to her who so delightfully filled his thoughts. As with this view he approached her mother, that lady spoke with animated warmth of his pleasing romance. “Indeed, Marquis,” said she, “you cannot easily guess how much pleasure it has afforded me; nor how greatly I admire you for the delicate consideration which has marked your conduct. There is so much *heart* in it, that I *love* you for thus endearing your very valuable marriage present to these amiable creatures.”

The Marquis dared to steal a look at Viola while the Baroness thus addressed him. Her countenance was glowing

with pleasure, and appeared to his charmed fancy to testify that she participated in *all* her mother had just expressed.

In the first moment, he believed he had made the discovery—his soul was filled with rapture, and he thought he had now nothing left to wish. But Villeroze knew not yet of how restless, how encroaching, a nature is that passion, by whose influence he was swayed!—That, like the liquid element, whose course will not patiently be stayed by the obstructions set up by man to impede its progress, but labours to penetrate those barriers which would limit its bounds, sometimes by silently undermining their foundation, at others by spending against them its indignant fury, till in either instance it finally obtains its purpose; so love is never satisfied while it has yet another obstacle to surmount—another favour to obtain.

No sooner had Villeroze read, in the

expressive face of Viola, her partial approbation, than he felt as if his happiness was incomplete, till he had heard her confirm, by her touching voice, her favorable sentiments.

To procure himself this gratification, he ventured to ask, if, in this instance, he might flatter himself her opinion coincided with that of the Baroness.

“Indeed, my lord,” replied Viola, with her accustomed diffidence, “it does.”

The pleasure my mamma has expressed at what has just passed, cannot exceed what I have felt—nay shall *ever* feel at remembering, that, in your goodness to these our humble friends, yet fellow beings, you have condescended to shew you consider them as such, by the gracious manner of presenting your wedding offering to their acceptance.”

“My Viola is right,” said the Baroness, addressing the delighted Villeroze as she tenderly laid her hand on the arm of

her child ; “ and I will venture to predict, from what I already know of Christophe and Josephine, that they will never receive a service from those valuable animals, you have this day given them, without recalling all they owe to their benefactor ; nor will the little triumph he has this morning afforded them, be that which they will remember with the least enthusiastic gratitude. Would to heaven, my young friend, that all who have the power of giving, knew like you how to bestow !—that they would estimate the value of that graceful generosity, which exacts not the humiliation of the benefited ; but appears to receive as much as it confers happiness !”

The signal was now heard which summoned the party to repair to the banquetting room, where they found a most splendid entertainment awaiting their presence.

Pleasure in all her luxuriance presided

over the festive board, and was seen to revel on every countenance.

To the younger branches of the company she imparted her influence, through the satisfaction they felt at their vicinity to those objects who most interested them; while to the elder members she extended her fascinating powers, by affording each a peculiar source of enjoyment. To some, the sympathy with which they considered their children's happiness; to others, the regaling themselves with the tempting viands which saluted their senses.

The Lady Marguerite also participated equally with the rest of the party in the smiles of the presiding divinity, and felt the charm of her favor in the complacency with which she recalled the exhibitions of the morning; and anticipated those of the evening, as alike calculated to redound to her honour, as the chief deviser of them. Nor was the

agreeable tenor of her contemplations once broken in upon by her usually disputatious opponent, Doctor Martimas, whose ruby countenance glowed with more than its wonted vividness, and whose eyes were distended far beyond their usual dimensions as he swallowed copious stores of the rich dainties set before him; from time to time pausing, not with the intention of attacking the *classical accuracy* of the Lady Marguerite, but to consider on which dish he should next confer his flattering preference.

In the mean while Carenthéa, who had nearly forgotten her morning's disappointments in a new idea that had since arisen in her fertile brain, by which she thought she must infallibly gain that eclat in the evening she had been so cruelly denied in the early part of the day, was delighting Don Alphonso, by assuring him she would endeavour to

confer on him a very particular pleasure, by prevailing on the Chevalier Florio to favor them at night, by giving all the effect, of which his wonderful abilities were capable, to a cantata, of which she herself formed the subject.

“I shall then listen to it with rapture ;” said the enamoured De Lerma, “chusing such a subject, the author must be void of sense and sensibility if it is not written with a pen of fire !”

“It is certainly very prettily conceived, and somewhat flatteringly turned, as I think you will yourself allow, when you have heard its concluding lines,” replied his fair companion, with an air which would have appeared conceited to any impartial observer.

But the bare mention of the cantata had conjured up certain recollections in the bosom of Don Alphonso, which filled it with pleasure, and made his eyes dwell on Carenthéa as the most faultless

of created beings—while he remembered those soothing expressions of approbation, which, applied to himself, had fallen from her lips in the Pagode des Bains.

Nor could he without emotion anticipate its repetition, as the remembrance of having heard her name distinctly pronounced by the singer convinced him it was the same which first beguiled him into the character of a listener on that memorable occasion.

With a mind so prejudiced, it is not wonderful that he could not, at present, discover in the manners of an object, who equally excited his admiration and gratitude, aught that did not increase those sentiments.

Villeroze was not less happy than his friend, nor less delightfully occupied by his sweet partner. While, on her part, those amiable attentions, which, though never before particularly directed to

herself, she had for some time remarked with approbation—now, that his every thought seemed centered in the earnest desire of obliging her, appeared in a thousand times more engaging a light.

His expressive countenance, which no one could ever remark without feeling it pleasing and attractive, now—that it was alternately animated by enthusiastic admiration, as, in the course of the day, he developed many little traits of her character which harmonized with his own, now softened into tenderness, of which she was the object—struck her, as if she had never before looked on it, nor listened to his voice; so novel, so inexplicable, was the charm they seemed to possess for her.

Imperceptibly the timid reserve, which had hitherto kept her almost wholly silent in his presence, yielded to a modest confidence—the offspring of a high esteem for its object, and a certain

intuitive sense that that object viewed her with partiality.

Yet Viola was too young, too inexperienced, to understand at the time the precise sentiments which effected so considerable a change in her mind and deportment; on the contrary, she was scarcely aware that any change had actually taken place.

Not so the Marquis, whose confirmed knowledge of the female heart taught him to penetrate what passed in her's; which, while he noted its progress, filled him with a delight proportioned to the value he attached to the accomplishment of that alluring hope which now engrossed his thoughts.

Pauline was placed opposite to them, between Sir Launcelot and the Chevalier Florio; and, though she endeavoured to divide her attention pretty equally between them, it was evident she took more pleasure in conversing with the

latter than her partner ; who, either from an ambition not to be eclipsed by this newly arrived Adonis, or from a desire of contributing his part to the pleasures of the day, seemed to exhibit an animation in his devoirs very unusual to him.

Florio and himself equally aimed at outshining each other in the eyes of the eldest daughter of the House of Isenberg ; yet the contention was of so amiable a nature, as to act merely as a spur to each in exciting the display of their pleasing powers.

Sigismond, who, like Carenthéa, naturally delighted in detecting and drawing forth to ridicule the foibles of others, if not amongst the most enviably happy, certainly ranked with the most gay of the party.

In the absurdities of Miss Wanmore he discovered a never failing source of merriment, which on this day he thought

himself particularly licensed to enjoy in the quality of her devoted partner.

That young lady was so blinded by her inordinate vanity, and so little conscious how slender were her claims to either personal or mental advantages, as to be firmly persuaded she was rendering herself at once the object of universal envy and admiration, by the display of follies, which alike betrayed to the discerning eye her want of education, her ignorance, and astonishing presumption.

Of the various accomplishments to which her shallow pretensions extended, there was but one to which she had even the shadow of legitimate claim: this was dancing; which she had for many years practised with assiduous care before a large mirror, in which she could at the same time admire her whole length figure; an advantage which rendered her perseverance in it an inexhaustible pleasure. At this present time she was en-

abled by its assistance to acquit herself with tolerable ability in the art ; but the commendations this talent might have drawn on her from the good humour of others, had she not herself so over-rated it, was ever silenced and converted into disgust by her egotism and self-praise.

This day, however, Miss Wanmore was persuaded she had out-done herself, and was pained and mortified at finding that, amidst the applause which had been so liberally bestowed on the performers of the *Pelasgian Dance*, her own superior merits had not been distinctly named.

This she several times hinted to Sigismond ; but finding it did not draw forth those warm panegyrics she expected, she at length asked him if he had not been struck with the peculiar style in which she executed her last *entrechassée* ?

“ As my own language is too barren of adequate terms in which to express my surprise at your thinking that question

necessary," replied Sigismond, with well counterfeited rapture, "I will borrow the lines of one of your poets, by which I hope to make known my sentiments of the nerve-thrilling step to which you allude."—

"When Phoebus does his beams display,
To tell men, gravely, that 'tis day,
Is to suppose them blind !"

"I thought," observed Miss Wammore, with a languishing look which she intended should be very interesting—"I thought it could not have escaped the observation of a person of your enlightened taste ; though, in general, the Germans do not appear to me to possess such discriminating delicacy in the admiration they bestow, as the English. I am sure if I had danced in my own country as I have done to day, instead of in your's, the encomiums my performance must have excited would not have

been confounded with those given to the rest of the set; not one of whom attempted the *entrechassée* except myself."

"How I regret," exclaimed Sigismond, "that you did not favor us with a *pas seul*; the company could not then have withheld their manifestations of the ecstatic pleasure you alone would have conferred on them."

"If I could be certain Lady Aberdale would not forbid me," observed her niece, "I may yet perform one in the evening, when the dancing is renewed; but she is so odd, that I dare say if she knew that I particularly wished it, from the desire I have of obliging you, she would make it a point to contradict me."

"We must take care then," said Sigismond, "that her ladyship knows nothing of the matter. Leave the management to me, and I will contrive she shall be out of the way at the time of your exhibition; for we must not suffer our friends

to be deprived of so rich a treat as you can give them."

"Don't you think it would be more characteristic," asked the delighted Letitia, "if we were to make it a *pas deux*, to be performed by Isidore, as Cupid, and myself? It strikes me, that his presiding, as it were, over me while dancing, will make the application more pointed!"

Sigismond, with a look of apprehension, laid his hand on his heart as if to guard it from the shafts he apprehended she might mercilessly level against it.

While the company were thus variously engaged, time rolled unheededly on, till the gauzy shades of twilight were thrown over the scene, from whence the last rays of the departed sun had faded; and those minor planets, whose lights were extinguished by his refulgent blaze, on his withdrawing his beams, began once more to twinkle in

the firmament, dotting it with myriads of sparkling gems.

As quitting the banquet room, the party was conducted to the enchanting scenes which awaited them, every eye was charmed, every tongue was lavish in expressing the surprise and pleasure with which they beheld the streams of light playing amid the foliage, and the mixture of light and shade which was ever varying the forms and colours of the surrounding objects. Wreaths of many-coloured lamps were seen tastefully arranged amid the trees in endless festoons: here gracefully suspended from their venerable branches; there studding the rough barks, like precious jewels.

The air, which was perfumed with balsamic odours, was so calm and unruffled, that the crystal shades which surrounded the lamps were rendered almost unnecessary; scarcely would the zephyrs have caused the lambent flames

which illumined the landscape to quiver in their sockets.

Those leaves on which the stronger rays fell, assumed the appearance of a glittering yellow ; others, less exposed to their radiance, that of a darkened green ; and in many places the lucid whiteness of the flowering shrubs, sparkling over the soft verdure which fringed their branches, beautifully diversified the gradation of their shades.

From that point, where the company were for some time first detained in delighted admiration, the more distant illuminations, as viewed through the disjointed branches of the nearer foliage, resembled stars of sparkling diamonds, and, combined with the general effect of the scene, lent wings to the imagination ; adding its infinitely fanciful enchantments to the gay realities which presented themselves.

After awhile indulging in these fan-

tastic visions, they were led to the temporary pavilion erected for the ball, which exhibited a spectacle truly magic.

It was situated on the borders of the canal, whose murmuring waters were heard at intervals sweetly soothing during the pauses of the music. The trellised sides of this apartment were covered with thickly interlacing vines, whose pliant branches had been artfully conducted within the enclosure, and were beautifully relieved by numerous choice exotics, which were at judicious distances interspersed. Some suspended in elegantly wrought calathuses ; others, beneath, placed here and there in the most tasty dispositions.

A rich edging of variegated lamps, which bordered a row of arched windows opening on the canal, were seen reflecting on the clear mirror of the liquid element their trembling lights ; while the interior of the edifice was illuminated by five superb chandeliers.

Such were the attractions of this fairy bower, consecrated for the evening to innocent pleasure; and the party, for some time after entering it, were too much engrossed by the contemplation of its internal attractions to think of seeking any beyond its boundaries.

Presently, however, the sound of distant music, as it floated on the air, drew them towards the windows, to discover from whence its soft tones proceeded. What a magic spectacle saluted them! On the opposite side of the canal was discovered a pavilion, in external form resembling that they occupied; but from all sides its interior was exposed to view through open arches, descending to the very turf, which completely exhibited the most picturesque scene imaginable.

Here was assembled a numerous party of the Baron's vassals with the youthful peasants who had joined in the amusements of the morning; amongst whom appeared most conspicuously

happy, the amiable Christophe and his Josephine. Light-hearted mirth appeared to animate these children of nature, and the interest of the scene was completed by the contrast which the venerable figures of their ancient relatives formed, who were, in different groups, surveying with sobered pleasure the lusory motions of their delighted children.

“What an excellent plan was this of your’s, my dear madam,” said the Baroness, “thus charmingly to display them to our observation, and enable us to participate in the happiness of those good creatures, without checking their enjoyment by making our presence a restraint on them. I am delighted with your consideration, and thank you for the pleasing surprize which your keeping your scheme secret has afforded us.”

“Sister,” said the Lady Marguerite, “after I had for some time truinated this matter, I found it an operose task to de-

termine on the most eligible excogitation respecting these our rustics. I at length enunciated my doubts to Monsieur le Marquis, who exoptated that I would leave this point to him. As I knew the omology of his general opinability, I yielded to his wishes, obserating him to take on himself the sole management of this part of the oblectation. I would have it notified, therefore, that this excogitation is altogether his own."

"And very admirably has he performed his undertaking," replied the Baroness: "but we are still obliged to you, sister, for delegating this affair into such able hands. May I ask, Marquis, what suggested to you so pretty an idea?"

Villeroze paused for a moment; then said, with some hesitation, "Your ladyship will observe, that my plan is but an humble copy of that which the Lady Marguerite did me the honor of laying before me of this pavilion. My motive

for varying a little from it, was, the wish of doubling our own enjoyment, by witnessing that of the happy beings yonder, without restraining their mirth by bringing them too near ourselves. It occurred to me, also, that the distant view of their sports would heighten the picturesque effect of the scene to us."

Most of the company praised the motive which actuated Villerose, and extolled the admirable propriety with which he had selected the simple ornaments that decorated it; as equally symbolic of the humble path its thoughtless occupants were destined to tread through life, and that constancy which could alone insure the felicity of the newly married pair, whose union they were celebrating.

These ornaments were indeed simple: they consisted merely of devices of coloured lamps, perfectly representing wreaths of violets, which were twisted

round each pillar, from its base to that part which supported the arch ; from thence they were gracefully caught up and fastened at the center of the several crowns ; each by some well known symbol of constancy.

But amidst the voices which were enthusiastically expressing their admiration, and complimenting Villeroze on his introducing to their notice the interesting sight that for a considerable time detained them at the window—those soft tones, to whose melody he could now alone listen with interest, were silent—not a sound escaped the lips of Viola ; yet as he stole a hasty glance at her glowing countenance, and noted her down-cast eye, the Marquis discovered all his heart demanded—the certainty that her's had taught her to understand the true motive which dictated his choice of those modest ornaments, whose significations were so differently interpreted by the company.

In reality, she was greatly surprized and no less affected at a compliment, which the words of Villeroze in the morning had rendered to her unequivocal. She could not mistake the homage paid to herself by one whom she greatly esteemed for his benevolence of character, and no less admired for his uncommonly attractive manners and pleasing person.

Her heart beat quick, and a confused sentiment of pleasure still agitated her frame, when the signal for beginning the dance was given, and she suffered herself to be conducted by her partner to join the set. But not with her accustomed airy gaiety did Viola on this occasion acquit herself; for the first time in her life, the exercise, and the attention necessary to be given to the figure, appeared to her an effort. She felt absent and thoughtful, nor did she once dare to meet the ardent looks of the Marquis:

her's timidly sought the ground, and gave him an opportunity of reading in her varying countenance what passed in her guileless bosom.

Thus glided on the first hours of the ball; and Viola felt relieved on the amusement being for awhile suspended, by the desire of Sigismond, for the purpose of Miss Wanmore's taking advantage of the absence of Lady Aberdale to exhibit her *pas seul*.

After a considerable consultation between her and her roguish partner, she was induced by his advice to adopt this, in preference to the *pas deux*, on the ground of having no competitor to share with her in the eclat she was about to acquire.

It was with an air of no ordinary triumph, that this young lady took her place in the middle of the room as soon as the company had seated themselves.

Without affecting a diffidence she did not feel, she at once threw herself into an attitude, in which she meant to display all the charms to which she thought her person had indisputable claims ; at the same time somewhat distorting her coarse features, by forcing them to express a simpering smile, which she had, by dint of practice before her mirror, schooled them into assuming when she thought proper.

Thus armed, as she flattered herself, for conquest, Miss Wanmore began her exhibition, which certainly excited a pretty general *sensation* amongst her spectators ; but it was that of astonishment at the folly which could induce her to this unsolicited, and truly absurd display.

Little suspecting, however, the real feelings of the party, and encouraged by the rapturous pleasure Sigismond was affecting at the upper end of the room,

where he was heartily enjoying the scene, she became at each moment more and more ridiculous, till a false alarm of Lady Aberdale's return made her hastily conclude a performance which might otherwise have been most tediously protracted.

Sigismond led her panting to her seat, assuring her, she had outrun even his highly raised expectations.

Carenthéa had availed herself of the opportunity which this scene furnished, to exert her persuasive powers in order to gain the point she wished of the Chevalier Florio. That young gentleman had altogether declined mingling in the dance, and sat absorbed in reverie during the early part of the evening ; but, on the company's seating themselves, he arose, and joined Don Alphonso and his fair partner, with whom he immediately fell into gay chat.

On Carenthéa's preferring her peti-

tion to him, he replied that he could consent to comply on one condition alone. This was no less than bringing her to a free confession of the little mystery which seemed connected with the cantata in question. In a word, he exacted the explanation of how she came by it, and to whose pen she ascribed the verses which had given her so much satisfaction.

To this Carenthéa replied, that she was unable to perform all he required, but would willingly lay before him every thing she knew respecting the affair.

On the Chevalier's declaring that would satisfy him; she said, that, a few weeks back, as she was walking one morning with her sisters to the Pagode des Bains, Frolic, who had been sporting about her for some time, on hearing a whistle, had suddenly plunged into the thicket, and disappeared. It was in vain that they repeatedly called him, and waited awhile

in expectation of his re-appearance. At length, losing all patience, they had proceeded to the Pagode, leaving him to follow at his leisure. It was nearly an hour after their arrival there that Frolic presented himself, quite out of breath, and holding in his mouth a paper, which on entering the temple he laid at her feet, and then acted over his usual symptoms of contrition, by which he was accustomed to deprecate her displeasure whenever he was conscious he had merited it. Curiosity instantly induced her to take up the scroll, on the outside of which she found written,

To the fairest Daughter of
the House of Isenberg,
The Lady Carenthéa.

Finding it addressed to herself, she immediately opened it, and discovered within the envelope the cantata, to which

she had been induced to give the epithet of *mysterious*, from having no clue by which to discover who was the writer or by what means it had come into the possession of Frolic. Viola at her earnest desire had immediately tried the air, which, with the harp accompaniment, they all thought charming. For herself, she honestly confessed, it had so greatly delighted her, that at each repetition she became fonder of it ; and though she had listened to it over and over, and over again, every morning from that on which she received it till since their late absence from the Pagode, she had at every performance found something new to admire—"Which makes me so desirous of hearing it performed by you," added she, with one of her most fascinating smiles : "and now, Chevalier, what say you?"

"That I exist—I breathe but to obey you, irresistible Carenthéa ! whether it

be your gracious pleasure that I rehearse this your favorite cantata, or compose one in a still more rapturous strain, in honor of your unparalleled charms.”— This reply of Florio’s was uttered in a tone so affected, as completely to disgust Don Alphonso, and annihilate all desire of hearing the name of Carenthéa again pronounced by his lips.

There was something also in the history of the song which hurt and rendered him uneasy. By whom could it have been given to Frolic? He doubted if that animal would have received it from one with whom he was not well acquainted. Could it be a lover of his mistress who had taken this romantic way of acquainting her with his admiration?

Don Alphonso bewildered himself in very unpleasant conjectures; while a very sprightly dialogue was carried on between the object who occupied his

thoughts and her now animated neighbour, till a domestic, who had been sent to the Pagode for the cantata, entered and delivered it into the hand of the Chevalier. After gallantly pressing it to his lips, he immediately repaired to the harp, which had been placed for him at the upper end of the room.

No sooner was he observed to take his place at the instrument than a dead silence prevailed throughout the assembly, not even a whisper broke the profound stillness, so desirous was every being, who had listened to his soul-dissolving harmony in the morning, of enjoying again the pleasure it inspired.

With an ease peculiar to him, the Chevalier had taken his station, and now struck with a master's hand the well tuned strings. The brilliancy of execution which distinguished his prelude evinced that he had attained the highest degree of perfection on the instrument, whose

tones he so admirably drew forth; while the science which guided those astonishing flights of genius, that seemed to bear him on its towering wings, was equally discoverable, in the chaste modulations by which he imperceptibly stole back to the key note of the recitative in which he pronounced—

“Cupid with Carenthéa
Once played at cards for kisses.”

The Chevalier, by his fine voice and excellent articulation, gave such accent and energy to those words and notes as seemed to render them new, even to those who had so often heard them.

Viola, passionately fond of music, listened to him with so exclusive an attention as made her forget her vicinity to Villeroze, in the surprise and delight she received by that novelty which the Chevalier's peculiar style gave to an air

perfectly familiar to her. From the recitative he had glided with exquisite grace into the sweet arietta, whose melody characteristically expressed—

He stak'd his quiver, bow, and arrows,

His mother's doves and team of sparrows ;

At last he set her both his eyes,

She won—and Cupid *blind* did rise.

The clearness, sweetness, yet spirit with which he executed it, drew from all bursts of enthusiastic applause; while the bright eyes of Carenthéa sparkled with triumphant joy as she observed the attention of the company was divided between her, as the fair subject of the verses, and the Chevalier who had given them with so charming an effect.

Although Florio had pronounced the last word, he still continued to play as if intending to gratify the company by a repetition of the pleasure he had just

given them, when, after an *ad libitum* symphony of astonishing compass, he at once sank into the air.

But this day seemed destined to offer little but crosses to poor Carenthêa ; and the moment of her short-lived exultation was passed ere she was herself conscious of it. Instead of once more delighting her by the same flattering words, he pronounced, with a point and feeling not less calculated to fix universal attention,

Love, of thine eyes she *cheated* thee,
Lest, fairer Viola ! thou shouldst see ;
But her sweet voice defeats the art,
And thro' thy *ear* subdues thy heart.

Who can describe the transition from pleasure to indignation which took place in the bosom of Carenthêa, or the wonder and confusion which assailed that of her younger sister.

In the first moments of her astonish-

ment she raised her enquiring eyes ; they accidentally encountered those of the Marquis, which, as by magic, communicated instant conviction to her mind that *he* was the author of the additional stanza. Viola's agitation was redoubled at this discovery : she arose hastily, scarcely knowing what she did, and walked to an opposite window, in the hope of concealing those scalding blushes which dyed her cheeks.

Villeroze followed, and with much emotion said, “ Pardon me—I foresaw not the consequences—believe me, for worlds I would not voluntarily have wounded a delicacy which I admire—I——”

As if the overwhelming embarrassment which oppressed his companion had been suddenly communicated to himself, the Marquis stopped, unable to finish what he had begun to utter.

Viola was little disposed, and still

more incapable of breaking the silence which followed ; for the first objects which struck her on approaching the open window were by no means calculated to calm her perturbation.

That flower consecrated to herself met her eye a thousand times multiplied, as it crept around the columns of the opposite pavilion ; while the emblems by which the wreaths were united only rendered the compliment of him who had devised them more seriously unequivocal.

By degrees however she was relieved from the awkwardness of the situation, as her attention was diverted to the very joyous creatures who were frolicking before her. Viola was formed by nature very keenly to enjoy witnessing the happiness of others ; and while she remarked the heart-felt pleasure which played on the features of Josephine, as Christophe, after leading her to a seat, tenderly placed

himself by her, and listened to something she was relating to him with visible satisfaction, she gradually forgot *herself* in the comparison she was making between the present situation of her whom she contemplated, and that forlorn one in which she had been first found by the Chevaliers—weeping, in a frightful solitude, the absence of her lover.

As from this contrast Viola enjoyed, in a still more lively manner, the sight of their present felicity, her embarrassment subsided ; and enabled her some time after to converse with the Marquis respecting the plans which had been concerted for their future ease and happiness in the pleasant cottage they were to occupy.

On his part, Villeroze was greatly relieved at seeing her regain that self-possession, of which he had for a time so completely deprived her ; and felt the

most delicious pleasure he had ever experienced at the conviction, that, if the proofs of partiality he had that day given had startled, and greatly affected her in the ingenuous emotions she had exhibited, nothing like displeasure was visible.

While the thoughts and attentions of the Marquis and his sweet partner were thus completely diverted from what was passing within the apartment, a scene of a very different kind was taking place there. Carenthéa, more hurt and offended at this public mortification than she had ever been in her life, received the Chevalier, as, quitting his harp, he resumed his place by her side, with a haughtiness for which he was wholly at a loss to account. Nor would she for a considerable time condescend to inform him, that she imagined the second verse, added to her cantata since she last heard it, was an extemporaneous effusion of his own.

The surprised Florio, anxious to exculpate himself from a charge of so much want of gallantry as that of complimenting one lady at the expense of another, instantly fetched the song, and convinced her he was entirely innocent of the supposed offence.

Scarcely had Carenthéa satisfied herself, that in her suspicions she had injured the Chevalier, when Sigismond, who was standing near her, took the air, as she fancied, with a view of discovering who was the author; when, after glancing his eye cursorily over it, he tore the paper in pieces, and threw the fragments into the canal, at the same time exclaiming, “Thus perish whatever can give rise to discord.”

There was something in this action of Sigismond, but still more in the manner of his performing it, which persuaded his pouting sister, that *he* was the real deviser of this mischievous plot against

her. But in effect she was wide of the real truth.

Her brother had purchased this memorable cantata of an English itinerant musician, whom he met with in Italy, and whose performance of it he had greatly admired, intending it as a present to his musical sisters. But after his return to Isenberg, certain airs which he remarked in Carenthéa, first suggested to him the trick which he afterwards carried into execution, with the assistance of Frolic : for *he* was the whistler who had drawn him from his mistress on her way to the Pagode.

Sigismond had previously caused the cantata to be copied, substituting the name of Carenthéa for that of Campaspe ; which was the one he found in the original, and then got it conveyed to her in the manner which has been related ; not doubting but she would ascribe it to the Marquis, and he thought by the estima-

tion in which she held the present, he should have a pretty fair criterion by which to judge how she stood affected towards his friend.

Their departure a few days afterwards to visit the salt-works of Richenhall, and the subsequent events which had happened, concurred to banish the whole affair from his memory, till the Chevalier had that evening recalled it.

Like Carenthéa, he had at first attributed the last stanza to Florio, but on overhearing what afterwards passed between him and his sister on the subject, he felt very curious to ascertain by whom it was actually written.

The first glance convinced him it was the hand of Villeroze, and fearful the general discovery might call forth real displeasure on the part of Carenthéa, and render serious what he had intended as a mere joke, he took the measure just related to throw an impenetrable mystery over the whole affair.

His sister's pique was now entirely levelled against him, for she had no doubt but he had in some of his solitary rambles entered the Pagode, and added, through roguery, the very offensive lines which had so much discomposed her.

She felt however somewhat comforted at the reflection, that, from a brother, they were less mortifying than they would have been from any other hand ; and conscious of the injustice of which she was in the first instance guilty towards the Chevalier, she now apologized, with returning smiles, for her too precipitate judgment ; and tranquillity and good humour were again nearly restored, when an audible call for silence, was vociferated by Sigismond, who had returned to his place next his partner ; and in the next moment a voice more resembling the shrill scream of a peacock, than the tone of a human being, *cracked* on the offended oral nerves of the party.

Every eye of the astounded listeners

was instantly turned to the spot from whence these discordant sounds burst forth ; where they discovered Miss Wanmore bending over the harp in the attitude of a performer. That young lady, though perfectly unequal to execute even the most simple air on that instrument, had adopted the position of a player, as one calculated to heighten the effect of the *ear-piercing* notes to which she was giving utterance.

On Sigismond (who stood at her side) she from time to time cast glances which might have sufficiently encouraged even the most despairing lover, as she articulated with a nasal twang, which added vulgarity to dissonance, the well known words of—"How imperfect is expression," which she gave in the true style of a vagrant ballad-singer.

Well might her auditors have been struck speechless with surprise at an exposure, whose folly was if possible

rendered ten-fold glaring, by the contrast the whole exhibition formed to that with which they had so short a time before been charmed.

Nor was the difference of voice and taste more remarkable than that which the countenance of the present performer offered to his, whose place she had with so much temerity usurped.

The perfect features of the Chevalier, as they had been lighted up by the fire of that genius which appeared to inspire him, presented a face that might have satisfied Apelles, had he sought one from which to delineate a youthful Orpheus in the act of animating rocks and trees by his divine powers of harmony.

Any one susceptible of even a slight degree of timidity, who had thus viewed and listened to him, would have shrunk from being placed in a situation, calculated to give birth to a comparison which could scarcely fail of proving disadvantageous

to his successor. But Miss Wanmore had never experienced that troublesome self-diffidence which is so little calculated to promote the individual happiness of the possessors, so necessary to enable them to form that of others.

Incredible as that young lady's blindness may appear, she was not at all alive to the inordinate extravagance of bending over an instrument whose tones she had no skill to draw forth, avowedly for the purpose of exhibiting in an interesting attitude (as she conceived) her very plain person to a numerous company, every one of whom regarded her vain pretensions with sentiments of pity or indignation.

Sigismond's voice alone was expressive of approbation ; for, as he really enjoyed her presumptuous absurdity, he resolved by his encouragement and rapturous panegyrics to make up for the silence of the rest of the party, which

he feared might otherwise put an end to the scene sooner than he desired.

But all apprehensions on this subject were wholly without foundation; Miss Wanmore being too confident of her extraordinary merits, for any one to possess the power of damping her exertions by even the most manifest symptoms of disapprobation; since she ever attributed them to envy of her superior endowments.

The flattery of her partner, therefore, produced no other effect than that of convincing her she had completely captivated him by her graces; which induced her in a still more pointed manner to address to him the sentiments her song expressed, and display to a very insensible being the pathos of countenance she endeavoured to assume.

Carenthéa, in her high relish of this fantastic scene, forgot for awhile her recent discomfiture, in the amusement it

afforded her, and, with well commanded gravity, earnestly recommended Don Alphonso and the Chevalier to be aware of her insidious witcheries.

As they turned their observations from the roguish and intelligent face of their fair adviser, to the broad, flat, unmeaning one of Miss Wanmore, rendered still more disagreeable by her endeavour to look interesting, a contrast not less remarkable was forced on their notice than that which the generality of the company had before drawn between her's and that of the Chevalier, whose place she filled.

Little dreaming, however, that Sigismond had, in mere sport, urged her to indulge the amiable desire she expressed of obliging their friends by the song (on which she had for a considerable time been emphatically descanting previous to his leading her forth for exhibition), she was beyond measure elated at the idea that the interest he affected to take

respecting her was an indisputable proof that she had secured her conquest over the noble heir of the House of Isenberg, whom she thought the most handsome Chevalier she had ever seen, consequently the most worthy of that invaluable treasure, her heart, which, unsolicited, she had generously bestowed upon him.

But if Miss Wanmore was entirely deceived in the judgment she had formed of the flatteries with which Sigismond had so liberally amused her; that youth was as little aware of the future persecutions he was drawing on himself by the imagined encouragement he was giving to her hopes: nay, he was already beginning to experience symptoms of weariness, and to apprehend, as she began her fifth verse, that the song would never end, when he, as well as every one present, forgot in a moment Miss Wanmore and her exhibition in their alarm excited at seeing the Baron enter the

pavilion, and enquire, with a countenance of uneasiness, for the Baroness.

He was assured she had not been seen there since, with himself, Lady Aberdale, Delmond, Doctor Martimas, and several of their guests, she had accompanied the Lady Marguerite to view the illuminated ruins.

“ Good God ! ” exclaimed the Baron, with increasing anxiety, “ where can she be ? — I did hope to have found her here.”

The alarm so visible in that nobleman was quickly communicated to most of the party, and in the next moment the appearance of all those who had with the Baroness quitted the dancers, completed the surprize and terror of her children and the Chevaliers.

Everyone was immediately seen hurrying different ways in quest of Madam Isenberg, and her name was heard from every part of the grounds, an hundred times repeated ; but no answer greeted the terrified listeners.

Sigismond and Don Alphonso had hastened by different paths to the chateau, while the Marquis, seizing a torch, pursued his way towards the deserted ruin, which was still glittering with innumerable twinkling lights.

They united in prosecuting the most diligent search for the object of their anxiety through every track which had that evening been traversed; but no vestige of her could be found there, or amid any part of the ruins, which they examined with the most scrupulous care.

At length the impatient Baron bent his steps towards the thicket, calling on Villeroze to follow him: the Marquis was in the act of turning to comply with his wishes, when he perceived he was opposite the private portal of the chapel, and that it stood a-jar. He instantly pushed it open, and entered the edifice. Again he called loudly on the Baroness, but no sound met his ear, save the echoes of his own voice as it resounded

through the vaulted roofs, and his advancing footsteps as he traversed the long aisle, which conducted him to the altar.

But here his eager enquiries terminated; for he beheld a spectacle, which chilled him with horror, and for a considerable time rooted him to the spot on which it first saluted his bewildered senses!

Madame Isenberg lay extended lifeless, at the foot of the altar! her delicate features were stained with blood, which though now staunched, had flowed copiously down her palid face, and discoloured her white garments.

“Great God!” cried Villeroze at length in a transport of terror, “can murder so atrocious, have been committed even in thy immediate presence!”—Then hurrying towards her, he lifted in his trembling arms the mother of Viola, and bore her through the chapel into the open air.

He was there met by several of the Baron's people, some of whom assisted in conveying the unfortunate lady to the chateau, while others went in search of the distracted family, to acquaint them that the Baroness was found.

In crossing the grand hall they encountered Doctor Martimas, whom the Marquis instantly summoned to attend the examination of the Baroness's wound, and under that gentleman's direction she was laid on the first sopha which presented itself.

Here the Doctor soon washed from her fair skin the crimson tide which had disfigured it, and to the inexpressible joy of Villeroze, discovered it had flowed from a slight injury she had received in her left temple, and which Doctor Martimas immediately pronounced to be by no means dangerous.

The delight which this declaration produced, was soon redoubled by the

lady's giving symptoms of returning animation, and at length opening her so long closed eye-lids. But the pleasure this event afforded in the first moments of her promised recovery, was greatly damped by the wild terror with which she cast her eyes around her, and the sentences strongly expressive of mental agitation, which escaped her lips.

Doctor Martimas now recommended her being gently conveyed to her own apartment, whither her daughters and Lady Aberdale, who soon after returned to the chateau, anxiously followed her. But the Baroness was quite incapable of explaining what had happened to her or in any way calming their fears on her account, she was however prevailed on by the earnest entreaties of the Baron, to swallow a composing draught which Doctor Martimas had prepared for her, and it was not long after that they had

the satisfaction of seeing her sink into a heavy sleep.

Leaving them tenderly watching over her, let us enquire into the cause of the extraordinary situation in which she had been discovered by Villeroze in the chapel of the ruins.

We have already related, that Madame Isenberg, in company with the Baron and a large party of their friends, quitted the pavilion (at the desire of the Lady Marguerite) during the dancing, for the purpose of viewing the effect of a device that lady had caused to be prepared, for those venerable mementos of the old chateau, which were too dear to her to be forgotten on this occasion.

There was something in the whole of this evening's amusement exactly calculated to awaken in the Baroness, recollections which she had long sought to banish from her remembrance as inimical

to her tranquillity; recollections which never forced themselves on her mind, without bringing in their train, sorrow, remorse, and terror!

The very first *coup d'oeil* of the illuminated grounds as she entered them, on leaving the banquetting room, had at once brought back the occurrences of that night in which a similar spectacle was displayed in those of her parents in honour of the return of Crevecoeur. The Baroness vainly endeavoured to shake off the chilling sensations which struck cold to her heart as that evening again seemed present to her.

She had gladly hurried to the pavilion in the hope, amid the gay and happy faces by which she was surrounded, to banish those painful emotions which she found it very difficult to conceal from the company; and had listened with internal uneasiness to the Lady Marguerite's proposal of again quitting

it; yet was equally averse to hurt her by objecting.

In this temper of mind, as following her friends from the pavilion, she caught a sight of the picturesque dresses of her daughters, the Baroness felt as if those young companions of her youth were again before her, one of whom by personating herself, had favored that interview with the Baron, which led to their elopement. Just such a group they had formed at the moment they separated from each other; they for the purpose of masking for the choice of Crevecoeur; herself to repair to meet the expecting Rhodolph in the grove.

Silently the Baroness pursued her way towards the ruins, her thoughts taking a retrospective view of the morning of that day which had decided her fate.

She recalled the touching look with which her mother contemplated her, as

after finishing her toilet, she had passed into a small but elegant dressing room, adjoining her parents, in which she had been accustomed to amuse herself during her childhood.

There seating herself near a window, she had for some time awaited her mother's joining her; and as through the open sash the cool refreshing breeze had gently fanned her flushed cheeks, gradually forgetting her situation, her head sunk on her bosom, and she became completely absorbed in a reverie, of which her unfortunate lover was the subject.

Gertrude was unconscious how long she had been thus abstracted, when a deep sigh near her suddenly roused her slumbering recollection, and made her instantly raise her eyes to the person who stood opposite her, from whom it proceeded.

She there beheld that tender parent,

whose life had been devoted to her happiness, with humid cheeks, fondly and fixedly regarding her.

Conscience-struck at the impropriety of those wishes in which she had been indulging, and feeling as if the Countess had read in her countenance all that had been passing in her heart, she precipitately threw herself into the arms of Madame D'Aubry, faintly articulating, "Pardon—pardon me, my mother."

"Oh! my Gertrude!" exclaimed the Countess, as she tenderly caressed her, "Child of my affections! how can I part with thee? a few hours, and I must no longer claim the first place in that love more precious to me than life itself. A few hours, and the destiny of my darling girl will be irrevocably placed in the hands of another than those to whom she owes her being. Let me while yet I can call her all my own, bestow on her a memento of those to whom she has

been more than the fondest parents could have intreated of indulgent Providence. As Madame D'Aubry spoke, she attached round the neck of her daughter a row of fine pearls, to which was suspended a small medallion, on one side bearing an admirable miniature resemblance of the Countess, on the other one of her lord; then with passionate tenderness repeatedly kissing her, she ejaculated with energetic solemnity.—“ Bless her Heaven, in her children, even as she has blessed us.” And hurrying into her own room, she shut herself up, till she was summoned to receive the expected guests, whom she met with a countenance which had resumed its wonted serenity, though to the eye of Gertrude, the traces of those tears she had drawn forth were still visible.

As this scene, the memory of which, years had not been able to impair, appeared almost again present to the

Baroness, the party arrived at the illuminated ruins; where the attention of every individual was soon so completely engaged in examining the devices, and listening to the Lady Marguerite's explanation of them, that no one remarked Madame Isenberg's quitting them. This she had done for the purpose of giving vent to the uncontrollable agitation her retrospection had occasioned: but in consequence of their afterwards separating into different groups, it was not for a considerable time discovered that she had left them, as each group imagined her to be with one of the other's.

Meanwhile, the Baroness, retiring behind a distant and obscure fragment of what had been once a noble pillar, gave a loose to the wild emotions which were engendered by remorse. As, resting her head against its fractured side, she fixed her eyes on the distant pavilion and gazed on its trembling lights, she almost

believed she beheld again the illuminated colonade of D'Aubry, and heard in the faint sounds of merriment which were at intervals borne to her ear, the first alarm given of her evasion from the paternal roof.

These powerful illusions, by degrees, gave way to the realities of her situation; but the impressions left by the train of recollections which they brought with them, was not so easily effaced.

With a heart deluged in tears, the Baroness now drew from her bosom the twin miniatures given her by her mother, and approaching a neighbouring lamp, eagerly perused the resemblance of features, ever so dear to her tenacious memory—but whose venerated originals so many years had passed since she had been permitted to contemplate.

“Yes!” sighed the Baroness as she dwelt on the image of her father, “yes! such was his look, ere sorrow joined to

age, had dimmed the lustre of that brilliant eye, and clouded the open candor of his expansive brow.—Alas! how greatly changed from this must be my father!”

While she spoke, as the uncertain gleam of the lamp fell on the portrait, its colours appeared to fade on her sight, and the livid traces of death to have usurped their place.

“Great God!” exclaimed the Baroness, wildly replacing it in her bosom, “he dies, and it may be even now too late to receive from those palid lips his paternal pardon.”

Hurrying now forward, as if to flee from an idea so insupportable, she reached the portal of the chapel, which had been left unclosed since the morning.

The Baroness entering it, hastened towards the altar, at whose foot she prostrated herself, and in incoherent prayer supplicated heaven to avert from her a

stroke which she felt herself incapable of supporting. "Father of mercies!" ejaculated she, "let me yet see him once more—once more behold his venerated form—once more receive his parental embrace!"

At that moment a clang of armour which reverberated through the vaulted aisles of the chapel, chilled the life-blood of Madame Isenberg!

With the rapidity of lightning, an event of her infancy which had never occurred to her since the evening it happened, flashed on her memory in all the vivid colours of reality, and became as perfectly present there, as on the hour it happened.

The Count D'Aubry had once, in a youthful frolic during the early childhood of his daughter, equipped himself in a suit of armour which had belonged to one of his ancestors, with the intention of surprising the Countess who was in the apartment of her little Gertrude.

In order to give the greater effect to his scheme, before making his appearance to them, armed cap-a-pee, he announced his approach by a clanging sound exactly similar to that which so magically awakened the Baroness to the remembrance of that scene, and the one which followed.

His daughter, who had been greatly frightened by an appearance so extraordinary, even at the present moment, recalled the amazement and terror she had just felt ; and the tenderness with which (speedily disencumbering himself from his trappings) the Count had taken her from the arms of her mother to soothe and re-assure her in his own.

As the unaccountable noise which had thus suddenly roused these long slumbering recollections in the bosom of Madame Isenberg, died away in hollow reverberations through the chapel, the dreadful presentiment with which she had entered it gathered strength.

Imagining a sound so mysterious was intended as an intimation that her father was no longer an inhabitant of this earth, she remained kneeling at the foot of the altar, petrified—almost lifeless—unconscious of her situation !

But from this torpor of despair she was soon roused by a touch cold as that of death. She started, and with distraction in her gestures turned towards the spot from whence the icy hand proceeded.

With what accumulated horror did she there discover (for the illumination from without threw a strong light on the vision) a form resembling that of the Count D'Aubry, just such as her remembrance had so lately painted him—standing opposite to her—fixed and motionless as the marble on which he rested !

The Baroness, unable to support the shock of such an apparition, uttering a faint cry, sank senseless at the foot of

the altar ; receiving in her fall the blow on her temple which had covered her face and garments with the blood, whose crimson stains inspired Villeroze, on first discovering her, with the dreadful idea of assassination.

Such were the particulars which the Baron gathered from the incoherent account of Madame Isenberg, as she slowly recovered from the shock she had received.

That the whole was merely the effect of a raised imagination acting on a wounded conscience, he had no doubt ; but apprehensive that the impression it had made, if not weakened, might lead to a renewal of those superstitious fears and sad presentiments which had clouded their happiness and so materially injured the Baroness's health during the first years of their marriage, he took immediate steps to ascertain through his friend De Saintville that the Count

D'Aubry was well, and then at his hotel at Paris.

This intelligence greatly contributed to tranquillize his daughter ; with a view to complete which desired object, and divert her mind by a change of scene, a little excursion for a few days was proposed, in which it was settled the whole party were to accompany her.

With the fears that were at first excited on account of the Baroness, the temporary sadness which reigned at Isenberg vanished. The young people again resumed those occupations which had given place for awhile to anxiety ; and their elastic spirits rose in proportion to their late depression.

CHAP. IV.

ON the morning immediately preceding that fixed for the commencement of their little tour, Lady Aberdale, on entering the apartment in which the family always first assembled, found only her son there ; who had for some time been waiting the arrival of the rest of the party.

“ Are you come quite alone ? ” asked Sir Launcelot, with a species of impatience which gave to his tone and manner an animation very unusual to him.

“ And pray, my son,” said his mother smiling, “ which of the three Graces of Isenberg would you have me bring with me ? ”

“ Nay, the whole trio,” replied Sir Launcelot, relapsing into his characte-

ristic apathy of manner, “for they are all equally charming.”

“Are they so *very* equally charming?” demanded her ladyship, “that neither of them have inspired you with a *shade* of preference above the other two?”

“Had you asked me that question the first evening of my introduction to the sisters,” replied Sir Launcelot in a tone of the most frigid composure, “I should unhesitatingly have answered you in the negative ; and but for my firm resolution never to attach myself for life to any but an English woman, I know not what wishes Carenthéa might have excited in me ; for I certainly then thought her the most lovely and loveable creature in the universe.—To express myself as I then felt, her eye appeared to me the most eloquent I had ever beheld—her smile the most bewitching—her teeth in beauty to be rivalled only by the coral lips which so sweetly separated to display them.—

In her form I discovered perfect symmetry—in every movement perfect grace.”

“I really regret,” interrupted her ladyship laughing, “that I had not an opportunity of hearing all this on the evening of your introduction; I would willingly have ascertained if it were possible for my son to have uttered sentiments so warm, with a voice and manner so perfectly indifferent at the very moment he was actually feeling what he has just described; for I think it pretty evident that he has since changed his opinion.”

“Your son has since that period, my dear madam, tried that incomparable fair by certain rules, which he has a habit of applying occasionally to your sex; for like his countryman Richardson he loves to develope *the plaits and folds of the female heart*.”

“Take care, Launcelot,” said Lady Aberdale, “that you make not yourself

feared as too close an observer. But what great discoveries have *your rules* disclosed to you—have they shewn you that her eyes are not fine—or her teeth not white and regular?”

“No,” interrupted Sir Launcelot, “they have only proved to me, that her eyes, though of admirable shape and colour, speak in every glance the finished coquette; and when it suits her purposes, like the sun, can shine on all alike.”

Nor have my rules taught that her teeth are not beautiful—they have only proved that they are too often shewn by blameable pleasure at the wounds she loves to inflict on others; therefore, were she even my country-woman, and a host of Cupids ambushed in her dimples to take aim at me, their arrows would fall powerless before the shield of truth with which I have now covered myself.”

“And my Pauline!” said Lady Aberdale, “may I hope to be informed of the sum of your discoveries there?”

“ I avow,” replied Sir Launcelot, “ that her present character baffles my penetration. As a boy, I remember I used to think her disposition a remarkably sweet one, but it now appears to me greatly changed. Her formerly open cheerful countenance is clouded by some unaccountable discontent ; she is either totally altered in temper, or has some secret cause of uneasiness which oppresses her.”

“ I grieve at your remark,” returned Lady Aberdale, “ because it confirms me in the belief that she has never been her former self since the dreadful adventure which befell us last year ; the particulars of which I will some day relate to you. Indeed I fear her health has suffered from the terror she then experienced. But do you not think her person charming ?”

“ It is peculiarly noble and impressive,” replied Sir Launcelot. “ But for my acquaintance with this family, I should

have scarcely imagined that three sisters, in almost every respect so unlike each other, should all be so uncommonly attractive."

"Yet neither of them it seems possesses sufficient power to seriously attract my son," said Lady Aberdale in an enquiring tone.

"It is fortunate for your son, madam, that his pre-determination never to unite his fate with that of a native of any country but his own, has spared him the mortification of seeing her, whom, but for this resolution, he believes he could have loved, frustrate all hope by attaching herself to another."

"If you mean not Carenthéa, of whom can you be speaking?" asked Lady Aberdale with surprise.

"Nay, madam," said Sir Launcelot humorously, "I shall indeed *deserve* to incur the punishment you have denounced against *too close observers*, if I

divulge *all* the discoveries I make in the character of one—but, behold, though I have not named the angel, you may perceive her wings!”

As he spoke, Viola entered the apartment, and in the next minute was followed by most of the juvenile branches of the party; who had been walking as far as the cottage of Christophe to take leave of the young couple previous to their excursion.

While they were taking their places, the enquiring eye of Sir Launcelot perceived from the countenance of Carenthéa that she had some mischief in her head, though, as he was yet at a loss to guess at whom it pointed, with his accustomed air of negligent tranquillity he silently attended to its progress. “Pray,” asked she soon after, “where is the Chevalier?”

No one had seen him that morning; but Lady Aberdale said he had told her

the evening before, that he meant to take an early ride, and as he had not yet appeared among them, she concluded he must have put his design into execution.

“Well,” said Carenthéa, unfolding (as she spoke) a piece of paper, which she had before held carefully concealed in her hand, “if that be the case, I will read you a *jolie roman* which I suspect to be the production of Florio.”

Universal silence followed her words, and with pretended enthusiasm she read aloud these lines :—

“Sweet is the perfume you exhale, lovely *Violet* ! Ah ! how sweet the perfume you exhale in your sequestered shade ! Unobtrusive as are the modest colours in which you deck yourself, yet are you betrayed by the voluptuous odours which you breathe around. Sweet *Violet* ! in whose delicious bosom the sleepy Zephyrs, fatigued with sporting around you by day, nestle at the ap-

proach of evening, and on awaking at early morn bathe themselves in the ethereal dew collected in the pure corolla of your fragrant flowers."

"Are they not delectably *romantic* and *poetic*," asked Carenthéa ironically, as, crumpling the paper between her fingers, she flung it with pretended playfulness into the lap of Viola.

Sir Launcelot fancied he detected a mixture of wounded vanity and triumphant joy, at perceiving that she had succeeded in revenging the slight which had given birth to her pique in the action, and still more in the unrestrained laugh in which she for a while after indulged.

At length, suddenly checking her mirth, and assuming an air of surprise, she exclaimed, "But, for Heaven's sake, what is the matter with Monsieur Villeroze? I protest he looks as if I had accused *him* of being the author of this *Romance of the Violet*! Though if I

had even done so, every one must agree that his face sufficiently condemns him to justify me."

"Such a supposition," said the Marquis, vainly endeavouring to conquer the agitation visible in his manner, "such a conclusion is too flattering for me to allow its passing uncontradicted. I can presume to claim no further share in the Romance in question, than that of having very roughly translated it from a volume of your Gessner."

"Oh, it is a *translation*, is it?" observed Carenthéa incredulously. "Well, you must at all events allow us to admire the taste your choice displays, and congratulate my sister on the compliment it pays her flower."

Viola now appeared to have caught the infection of the Marquis's embarrassment, as Carenthéa pointed the allusion to herself, had, without precisely understanding her motive, re-opened the

paper which she still held almost unconsciously in her trembling hand, when, to her infinite relief, the Lady Marguerite entering the room told her the Baroness wished to speak to her in her boudoir.

She instantly retired; but, instead of going directly to her mother, hurried first to her own apartment to recover her presence of mind; when, to her dismay, she found she had carried with her the unlucky paper.

Vexed at the want of self-possession, which had drawn her into the awkward dilemma, of thus appearing to appropriate as a compliment what perhaps was a mere accidental co-incidence, she flung it peevishly on her dressing table, and obeyed the Baroness's summons. Some hours after, however, seeing the lines on her return still lying where she had left them, a curiosity, whose cause she could not define, induced her to seek out the original passage of Gessner, which she

observed had been very freely rendered into English by Villeroze.

Nor could she, without recalling what he had addressed to her on his choice of her flower at the fête, notice his deviations from the author. She remembered also having heard him remark in a low voice to Madame Isenberg but the morning before, that *the Violet* bore in name and characteristics an equal affinity to those of her youngest daughter. The Baroness smiled as she replied, that it was an observation she had often made, and the cheeks of Viola were suffused with a still deeper vermilion, as, after this recollection, she again threw her eye over the lines.

“How unlucky!” exclaimed she, after considering some time what she had best do with them; “how unlucky that Carenthéa, by supposing them the production of Florio, should have read them aloud.”

The ingenuous mind of Viola was, however, greatly deceived in believing that her tormenting sister had ever so supposed. The truth was, that on entering the portico early that morning, where she imagined her sisters were waiting her joining them to set out on their walk to the cottage, she found the Marquis alone, and engaged in reading a paper, which he precipitately thrust into his pocket on perceiving her.

The action, but still more the shade of embarrassment with which it was done, were exactly calculated to rouse the ever watchful curiosity of Carenthéa, and excite an irrepressible desire to know its contents: for vanity had already whispered her, she formed the subject of the writing.

But how was this idle wish to be gratified? As she was meditating on the subject, during their walk to Christophe's, a trifling accident threw within her

power the means of gratification. Villerose in drawing out his handkerchief unconsciously dropped the object of her consideration on the grass, which, with the quickness of lightning, she unperceived secured.

In the pleasing hope of finding it to be some wild effusion of his despair at her cruelty, which might explain his incomprehensible slight of her flower at the fête, and his late remarkable change of character; full of impatience to examine it, she seized the first favourable moment to slip unobserved out of the little parlour in which the party were conversing with Josephine, and hurried into an arbour in the garden.

Here she experienced in the perusal of the paper a disappointment and mortification which her blameable conduct had justly merited; for, coupled with all that she had observed of the conduct of the Marquis since his last return to Isen-

berg, she was now convinced that her younger sister, not herself, was the object of his romance.

Carenthéa was piqued and offended. To be so, and to resolve on reprisals, were feelings inseparable in her disposition. The means were obvious. The Marquis had sought to conceal from herself the lines in question. Their public exposure, therefore, could not fail to hurt his delicacy, while it deprived him of the pleasure she suspected he hoped to secure to himself, by watching for some favorable moment when he might ensure the rendering them acceptable to Viola. She resolved therefore to frustrate his plan by forcing them on her notice, under all the disadvantages with which ridicule could cover them. Thus determined, she had fully settled the scheme which she afterwards carried into execution, when Don Alphonso, who had been seeking her for some time before he dis-

covered the retreat to which she was retired, joined her.

Banishing, on his approach, the discontent that had the moment before clouded her features, not one of the party suspected; from the sprightly good humour with which she laughed and chatted on their way back, the mischief that lurked in her heart, and which so soon after displayed itself.

The unexpected entrance of the Lady Marguerite had, however, provokingly marred her entertainment before she had half exhausted her vein of raillery; and Doctor Martimas, following almost immediately afterwards, put a complete stop to all other conversation by a dispute in which he engaged with that venerable lady.

The Doctor was just then smarting under a tormenting head-ache, the effect of his not having entirely slept off the fumes of his more than usually liberal

potation of wine, which he had swallowed on the preceding day, as he said, purely out of compliment to Madame Isenberg's recovery.

The natural consequence of this troublesome companion was a fretful querulousness of temper, which particularly disposed him to controvert the opinions of the Lady Marguerite; and take a provoking pleasure in weakening the force of those arguments on which she laid the most stress, by the sneer with which he received and commented on them.

It had been wise in the lady, on such occasions more particularly, to shun discussion with him; but as some unaccountable fascination often draws back the averted eye again to contemplate an object, from which it has repeatedly turned loathingly away—so the Baron's sister appeared to feel as unconquerable a propensity to display her erudition be-

fore Doctor Martimas, and set him on wrangling with her precisely at such times as she was least likely to reap other fruits from it than contempt and ill manners.

In the present instance, however, she was unawares involved in a dispute with him, by Isidore's innocently saying,—
“Aunt, what do you think I have been reading this morning to Monsieur Delmond? You will scarcely believe it can be true—and yet it is. Why, the terrible river Styx rolls its deadly waters through a valley of that very Arcadia which I fancied the other day, from what you said about it, must have been formerly the sweetest place in the world to live in. But I think now I should have hated a country where so dismal a river flowed; for Monsieur Delmond tells me a great many learned writers have asserted that its waters kill every living creature that drinks of them.”

“Monsieur Delmond,” said Doctor Martimas contemptuously, “will I fancy soon teach you, young gentleman, to be very cautious of receiving as authentic, information conveyed through the medium of *female* classics; whose superficial attainments, prejudices, weak powers of reasoning, and consequently rash and erroneous conclusions, are far more likely to mislead than to instruct you.”

“Surely, Doctor Martimas,” observed Lady Aberdale, with the vain hope of dispersing the dark cloud which obscured the countenance of the Lady Marguerite; “Surely, the picture with which her ladyship has lately favored us of the charms of Arcadia, and the virtue of its happy inhabitants, was by no means too highly coloured, if we may place any reliance on the description of the Poets.”

“And pray,” demanded the Doctor, in a still louder key, “in what did their mighty charms and merits consist?”

“Doctor Martimas,” said the Lady Marguerite (endeavouring, by assuming unusual dignity of manners, to conceal her extreme wrath), “but that my remaining elinguid may lead you to suppose I dare not abnegate the assertion you have so temerarily made to the disparagement of my sex, I should evitate touching on an observation thrown out by you with so much tetricity.”

“Xenophon informs us,” said the Marquis (who feared the good lady was no match for her discourteous antagonist) “that the Arcadians were beneficent, hospitable, industrious, and incapable of being disheartened by obstacles or dangers;—while Thucydides asserts that they have often distinguished themselves by their success in arms, and invariably acquired glory in the character of warriors.”

The Lady Marguerite, whose recent discomposure was dissipated in the plea-

sure of perceiving how able an accessory she had acquired in Villeroze, added eagerly, “and does not Heschius enunciate that so eximiously disinterested were the Arcadians, that they oftener fought against the enemies of *other* countries than their own.”

“In what *capacity*?” vociferated the Doctor (whose energies and love of contradiction appeared to rise with the occasion): “I pray you, in what *capacity* did the Arcadians fight against the enemies of others? Why, as base hirelings, as vile mercenaries; who, for the lucre of gold, deserted their native soil to *sell* their services to those states which they defended.”

“Yet from the authority of the impartial Thucydides,” said Sir Launcelot, mildly, “we learn that, notwithstanding their mercenary spirit, so jealous were the Arcadians of their liberty, that after the battle of Choerona they refused to Philip of Macedon——”

“The title of general in chief of the armies of Greece,” interrupted Doctor Martimas. “They did so; but what does that prove?”

“I would fain know,” said the Lady Marguerite (anticipating the answer Villeroze was about to give, and, with the unskilfulness of one unused to close argument, flying off to a new point, instead of holding her adversary to the weak one, from which he was himself desirous of escaping), “I would fain know, Doctor Martimas, if you can give an imprejudicate opinion on the domestic virtues of these children of Pelasgia, whose native humanity, tenderness of character, and moreover excellence in poetry, the song, and dance, have been so justly commended.”

“*Native tenderness* of character!” re-echoed the Doctor superciliously. “If we may, in your ladyship’s opinion, lay any stress on the authority of Aristotle, their natural dispositions were remarkable

for their harshness and asperity.—In so much, that, long after the period when they found it necessary for their general safety to unite, they continued utterly insensible to the charms of society. For ever might they have remained thus brutalized, had not some sages of superior genius, with a view to humanize their stern and rugged dispositions, took pains to inspire them with a taste for music and the dance, for poetry and festivals. The experiment succeeded, and a general revolution was by these means effected in their manners.”

“There can be no doubt,” remarked Laby Aberdale, “but the cultivation of these refinements must have facilitated the civilization of the people; still I think time, and the progressive development of the human mind, must gradually, without their assistance, have brought about that event.”

“I am very far from reproving your

ladyship," said Doctor Martimas respectfully; "for never having read the universal history of Polybius, or at least that portion of it which is handed down to us, thinking, as I decidedly do, that such studies ill become your sex.— Yet those acquainted with this writer's invaluable work must allow, that the Cynætheans, a small tribe, who confined themselves to a narrow space in the north of Arcadia, establish a positive contradiction to the opinion you have just hazarded; since that people, resolutely refusing to admit the seductive arts in question amongst them, became so cruel and ferocious, that their name was never pronounced without shuddering.

"I will, anon, interrogate Delmond" observed the Lady Marguerite, "respecting *his* ideas of the writings of Polybius, on which I do not remember to have heard him animadvert; and if, in

his opinability, they form an edifying exegesis of the times of ancient Greece, I shall peruse them."

"Unless Monsieur Delmond sets up his judgment in opposition to the learned of every country," replied Doctor Martimas (forgetting, in his tenaciousness, that Delmond's classical judgment should be by any one imagined superior to his own, the sovereign contempt he ever testified for that of the Lady Marguerite,) "unless Monsieur Delmond, I say, sets up his judgment in opposition to the learned of every country, more especially those of ancient Rome, he cannot broach an opinion different from my own. Among the great men of that mighty empire, Brutus, the assassinator of Cæsar, so esteemed Polybius for his invaluable instructions, particularly in the art of war, that, not satisfied with having epitomised his work, he often retired from the field, (on which he had

drawn his sword against Octavius and Anthony,) to read the instructive pages of the Grecian."

"It should seem," said the Lady Marguerite, (who during this harangue had been endeavouring to recollect some strong trait very honorable to the Arcadians to bring forward,) "it should seem, Doctor Martimas, that Plato held this nation in higher esteem than you, otherwise he would scarcely have regarded, as a flattering distinction, the exoptation of the citizens of Megalopolis, that he would frame for them a code of laws."

"And how did the people requite that condescension in the philosopher?" demanded Doctor Martimas sneeringly: "why, by refusing to comply with the first condition he proposed; the very rational one, of an equalization of property; which he justly thought ought to form the foundation of his code. That

great man, on learning, from one of his disciples whom he sent to consult the citizens on this point, that they had ungratefully rejected it, positively declined assisting them in the task of legislation."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Carenthéa, who had for some time been extremely weary of the discussion, "here comes the Chevalier to enliven us by his welcome presence."

"It is to be lamented, for his sake," said Doctor Martimas, (superciliously measuring Florio with his eye, while with his spread hand on his breast the handsome coxcomb was bowing his acknowledgments), "it is to be lamented, for his own sake, that the young gentleman was not here earlier, to have profitted by our conversation, from which he might himself have derived some information, rather than entering merely to interrupt it, by the introduction of those empty trifles with

which he is accustomed to entertain the ladies."

"Sir!" exclaimed the petrified Florio, haughtily fixing his indignant regards on the rosy face of the swelling Doctor—

"Nay, nay, my dear Chevalier" said Lady Aberdale (who was thoroughly vexed at the persevering ill humour and rudeness of Martimas,) "when you have seen more of the Doctor you will know he means nothing disrespectful by what he says; it is merely an idle trick he at times gives into, of trying the forbearance of those whom he likes best.

"The high esteem in which I hold the present company" replied Florio, with recovered calmness, "is a more certain protection to the insultor, than any length of intimacy could afford him. Your ladyship must however excuse my declining any further exposing myself to similar liberties;" and, as

he spoke, with an air of stateliness he summoned his valet, to whom he gave orders that his people should immediately get ready his equipage for his departure from Isenberg.

“Surely it can never be your intention to desert our party just on the eve of our excursion?” said Carenthéa entreatingly.

“Pardon me,” replied Florio gravely : “I set out to day for Saltzburg ;” and he quitted the room without waiting a reply.

Doctor Martimas, conscious that he carried matters too far, before any one had recovered from the surprise into which this scene had thrown them, quitted the apartment in some confusion; and neither he nor the Chevalier made their re-appearance till the family assembled to dinner.

Every one, even the Doctor himself, was pleased to see Florio among them;

and those who had been present at the fracas of the morning, fancied that the youth had relented, and all would blow over without the threatened consequence of losing so enlivening a part of their company.

This hope, however, lasted not long after dinner, for the sound of carriage wheels was heard, and in the next minute the valet of the Chevalier announced that all was ready.

Gaily starting from his seat, he had just taken leave of his disappointed friends, when Doctor Martimas, to whom Lady Aberdale had privately spoken on the subject, and who had restored his late banished good humour by the wine he had just swallowed, approaching the Chevalier, offered him something like an apology for his conduct, which he expected would induce the youth to relinquish his solitary journey.

But Florio was far from appearing mollified by his condescension ; on the contrary, regarding him with a scornful air, he said, “ Seneca informs us that a fool once struck Cato in the bath ; and when afterwards he would have apologized for the offence, Cato had forgotten it :—that great man not chusing to approach so near revenge, as to take notice of the misdemeanor.” Then throwing aside the haughtiness with which this was spoken, and addressing some parting compliments to the young ladies, he quitted them, and, springing lightly into his carriage, was in the next minute rapidly driven from Isenberg.

“ Well !” said Carenthéa to the confounded delinquent : “ I hope, Doctor Martimas, you mean in justice to make up to us by the superlative agreeableness of yourself during our excursion, for the pleasure of which you have deprived us by driving away the accomplished Florio.”

The Doctor professing regret, and declaring nothing could have been further from his intention than such a design, the conversation soon after dropped, and on the next day at the appointed hour the party set out on their little tour.

CHAP. V.

EVERY thing glided on smoothly and pleasantly for the first three days of their excursion. The Baroness's health and spirits hourly amended, and the absence of Florio had nearly ceased to be an object of regret, when, towards the noon of the fourth, the weather, which had before been delightful, gave threatenings of a change.

The early part of the morning had been remarkably delicious; but as the sun reached its meridian, the breezes which had before so delightfully tempered the heat died away—the air became dense and heavy—while dark clouds, which had been gradually col-

lecting, now exhibited every appearance of an impending storm.

The Baron and Villeroze, in whose remembrances the horrors of that night on which they quitted the castle of Goltz was still fresh, became very apprehensive that the lovely party they were escorting might be exposed to the fury of the gathering tempest before they could reach a place of shelter; and they urged the horses forward with all the speed which the steep road they were ascending would admit. On gaining its summit, to their great joy, they espied beneath, a delightfully picturesque village almost embosomed by the surrounding mountains.

Although our travellers expected neither a very cheerful reception, nor any great conveniences in the inn to which they were hastening, the dangers which menaced them rendered, at the moment, any place of safety the utmost bounds

of their hopes; and the lurid flashes of lightning which from time to time escaped from the black volumes of vapour that hovered above them, attended by the growling thunder which at each peal became louder and louder, made the reaching it before the storm should spend itself, the bound also of their wishes.

At length the gentlemen had the pleasure of seeing their fair companions accommodated in the best apartment which the only house of entertainment in the village afforded.

Some of the Baron's people immediately busied themselves in taking what care they could of the horses; and others in removing from one of the travelling carriages the provisions with which it had been stored, in case any accident should throw them into a similar dilemma to that in which they now found themselves; that of being compelled to pass many hours in a place which was

so scantily supplied, that the whole hamlet could scarcely have furnished the numerous party with the adequate means of refreshment.

The late apprehensions of the company having subsided on finding themselves in a safe retreat, they began to consider in what way they should beguile the time of their stay of that tediousness, which they apprehended must be the consequence of their long confinement, in the small room, where, from the appearance of the weather, they seemed destined to pass it; for this humble habitation supplied no other, except a still smaller on the other side the entrance.

A long and somewhat melancholy pause had succeeded the congratulations which took place on their first assembling in it; when this pause was at length broken by Sigismond's exclaiming, "I have just thought of an expe-

dient which may furnish us with some pastime, while our tardy fellows are preparing our repast :—who is disposed to second my proposition ? ”

“ That am I,” said Doctor Martimas, rising from the narrow wooden chair on which he had been vainly endeavouring to seat himself at his ease, “ that am I, provided it be such as appears to me promissory of the end proposed.”

“ Such as it is you shall have it,” replied the youth gaily : “ I have for some time,” added he in a graver tone, “ been studying the thoughtful faces of these ladies, and the result is a firm belief that they have each been meditating on some wish which they would gladly see gratified. Now my proposition is this ; we will suppose that Isidore here has borrowed of his friend *Fortunatus* his celebrated *wishing cap*, by way of conferring on each that which is nearest her heart. The several individuals shall

then candidly confess what use they would make of the loan. The Lady Marguerite and you, Doctor, may afterwards edify us, by pronouncing on the wisdom or folly of their several desires."

"Good!" exclaimed the Doctor, (as with an important strut he took from his pocket a pencil and memorandum book): "does your ladyship," addressing the venerable aunt of Sigismond, "mean to honor us by imparting your's?"

She noticed this appeal only by a dignified wave of the hand, which directed him to pass on to the Baroness.

The Doctor fixed his small grey eyes on the fine ones of Madame Isenberg, as with great good humour she said, "I believe my first wish, just at present, is *fine weather*, that we may be enabled to reach Augsberg before night."

"And your ladyship's?" addressing her friend, as soon as he had committed to his tablets the wish of the Baroness.

“*Peace,*” replied Lady Aberdale emphatically, while the reproachful glance she threw at Sigismond conveyed to him her fears, that the consequences which might follow a debate, in which the Lady Marguerite and the Doctor were to bear principal parts, was likely to terminate in their usual hostilities, so inimical to the tranquillity of the company, for she saw by the whole manner of the latter that he was ready *charged* to commence the attack.

Sigismond, however, who expected nothing but amusement from what might follow, affecting not to know Lady Aberdale’s meaning, now called on his eldest sister for her confession, but his summons did not receive immediate attention. Pauline, who was stationed at a window which commanded the mountain they had just crossed, appeared so deeply absorbed in watching the progress of the tempest, as to have lost

all consciousness of what was passing within the apartment; nor were her thoughts recalled till her brother made her start by tapping her pale cheek, as, in an audible voice, he repeated his question; urging her instant avowal of what earthly possession she most coveted.

“*Riches*,” replied Pauline, (apparently thrown completely off her guard by the abruptness of the demand,) and in the next moment, as if ashamed of the wish which had unawares escaped her, her whole countenance was suffused with the deepest blushes.

Sigismond, without observing them, passed on to Carenthéa, and put to her the same whimsical question.

Universal attention was soon rivetted on this young lady, by the manner in which she received it; and a lively curiosity was awakened, (as she meant it should be) by the scene which followed,

to know how she would finally satisfy the interrogatory of her brother.

Instead of gratifying the impatience he evinced, she paused, hesitated, threw her fine eyes as intreating excuse around the circle—half opened her coral lips, as just on the point of giving utterance to her desire—then closed them with the appearance of being prevented by unconquerable diffidence from executing her intention; and looked down with an air of irresolution, which irritated the impatience with which every one now awaited her reply.

Doctor Martimas, finding that she continued for some time silent, addressed some words to her, which he meant should be so expressive of unusual softness and encouragement as to dissipate her timidity; and then, in another form, repeated to her the question of Sigismond.

Meanwhile Carenthéa had, by drawing off her gloves, displayed the exquisite symmetry of her hands and arms, and their dazzling whiteness. She then untied the bonnet which had before partly hid her charms, while fully aware that every eye was fixed on her, and slowly removing it from her head, allowed her fine dark brown locks to fall luxuriantly over her beautiful brows, and partly shade her glowing countenance.

Again she cast around her a glance, in which Villeroze fancied he plainly perceived an offensive consciousness of her uncommon loveliness.

“Pray excuse me, brother,” she said at length affectedly. “I am sure no one can think my wishes of the smallest consequence.”—And as she spoke, she marked with triumph the eager eye of Don Alphonso, which passionately contradicted the assertion.

“That is very immaterial,” replied Sigismond quickly, who was far from suspecting the coquetry which actuated her conduct. “Come, come, speak at once, and inform us of what acquisition you most feel the want?”

“Well brother,” replied she in a tone of simplicity, as she once more threw a hasty though penetrating glance around her, “if I must say of what I think myself most in want”—and again she hesitated, “if you really insist on my avowing what I am most desirous of obtaining—It is—*Beauty*.”

The down-cast modesty it was proper to assume, that her manners might correspond with her words, prevented Carenthéa from observing the incredulous smiles which instantly played on every lip, save those of De Lerma; and he was too intently occupied in gazing on her to note what passed in the minds of others.

“ Good again ! ” exclaimed the Doctor, as he inserted this wish beneath that of Pauline. “ And now ”—addressing himself to Miss Wanmore, he anxiously awaited her decision.

That young lady had for some time resolved on forming her manners on those of Carenthéa ; though, unfortunately, imitating only the faulty parts of her character, she by no means improved her own by the essay.

Letitia did not possess one shade of that playful gracefulness, which in her companion often excused her very follies in the eyes of her friends, who knew that she possessed many amiable qualities capable of softening those of an opposite nature ; but her unsuccessful copyist was wholly destitute of any such palliatives.

Brought up under the partial eyes of a weak and illiterate mother, the injudicious indulgence she had ever received

while it nourished her inherent faults, stifled all those better feelings, which might, if cultivated with her increasing years, have taught her to correct them. The same folly, therefore, which inspired her with the poor ambition of appropriating the errors of Carenthéa, blinded her to the reality that such foibles as she had just seen her companion exhibiting with some eclat, when attempted by herself became an outrageously ridiculous caricature.

In the present instance, after completely burlesquing the scene which her fair model had so recently played, she terminated it by acquainting the Doctor that what she regarded as the supreme good, and consequently was most desirous of acquiring, was *rank*, while her eyes, languishingly cast on the unconscious Sigismond, were intended to communicate to him by their expression, that she flattered herself she should

receive this desired good from his hands.

Villerozé, who had been completely disgusted with the affectation and absurdity to which he had been for some time an impatient witness, now turned his attention with fond admiration to the lovely, the unaffectedly, modest Viola, as in her soft and touching voice she gave utterance to a wish, in the completion of which he believed his own happiness bound up.

“What am I to insert?” asked the important Doctor Martimas as he stretched forth the hand which grasped his pencil, while with the other he elevated the minutes above his head—“What am I to insert as the first personal good coveted by the Lady Viola?”

“*Health,*” replied she with a sweet smile, which went to the heart of the Marquis.”

“Let me tell you,” observed the

Doctor, "that you have made a very sagacious choice." And as he spoke, he added it to the bottom of the list. Then, turning to the Lady Marguerite, he requested she would deliver her sentiments on whatever subject appeared to her most open to animadversion.

"That which most excites my marvel," said the lady, "is the exoptation which my eldest niece has enunciated ! How riches can obtain so high a rank in her opinability, I profess myself at a loss to determine ; when so many amongst the just, the wise, and the virtuous part of mankind, have, in all ages, preferred poverty before them ! Has not this been exemplified by the Therapeutae, a society said to be founded by St. Mark, who dwelt by the lake Moeris in Egypt, and devoted themselves to solitude and religious offices ; and the Ebionites among the Jews ; the primitive Monks and Friars amongst the Christians ; divers

Dervises amongst the Mahometans ; the Brachonans amongst the Indians ; and the whole race of ancient Philosophers ? for I would have it noted as worthy of remark, that, in how manifold so-ever a manner they might on other topics have differed, history instructs us that they all agreed in that of despising *riches* ;—esteeming them as onerous incumbrances. It should seem therefore somewhat temerarious in one of Pauline's tender years, to flatter herself she has enucleated the point, of whether riches are to be classed among the goods or evils of life !”

“ Permit me to remark,” said Delmond, with the amiable intention of turning the discourse from a subject which he observed gave much uneasiness to his favourite Pauline ; “ permit me to remark on the wish of the Lady Carenthéa,” and an arch smile adorned his benevolent features as he spoke, “ that the desire she has expressed, is

singularly *disinterested*; since it can scarcely be disputed, that beauty is a good, which makes *others* happy, rather than the possessor."

Carenthéa gravely bowed with the air of an obliged person; and the Baron, finding no one disposed to break the silence which followed, said, "Perhaps Lady Aberdale's is not only the most rational but the most enlarged wish of any to which we have been listening since *Peace*:" (for the Baron did not take the word in the confined sense in which her ladyship applied it,) "*Peace* may be esteemed a public blessing, without which no man is safe in his fortune, his liberty, nor his life. Neither innocence nor laws are a guard or defence amid the horrors of war. No possessions can without danger and fear be enjoyed: which companions, let me tell you, are cruel dampers to the ease and pleasure

which even the best fortune can bestow on us."

Here Doctor Martimas, who had been for some time collecting himself for an harangue, eagerly took advantage of a cough which checked the speech of the Baron, to descant on the wish of Viola.

With the air of one who feels that he is about to astonish his auditors by his unrivalled powers, he began at first in a low and somewhat solemn voice, but as he became warmed by his subject, his tones grew proportionably animated. "*Health*," said the Doctor, directing a glance at Viola, "*health* is the soul which animates all the enjoyments of life, which fade and wither without its cheering influence. The being who is deprived of this blessing, starves within sight of the choicest viands, and loathes even the most delicate and generous wines. He views with apathy the most captivating beauties ; he is poor

and wretched, though surrounded by magnificence and treasures. Deprived of *health*! youth loses its strength and vigor, and once-glowing loveliness all its bewitching charms. To the feverish invalid, the softest music sounds harsh and dissonant, while conversation becomes irksome and fatiguing. Disease," (and here the orator's countenance assumed a triumphant expression,) "disease is a leveller which respects no condition of life, but attacks indiscriminately the Prince and the Beggar; racking the royal limbs as mercilessly as those of the meanest, the worst, the most criminal of his subjects. As genuine happiness is tasted only by those whose animal powers are constructed for its enjoyment, even so that enjoyment depends on the temper of the *body*. The vessel must be pure if we would have our wine sweet, for otherwise, however excellent, it will lose its fine flavour.

In a word, whoever would revel in felicity, must above all things possess *Health*, that jewel above price ! Could it be purchased with gold, who would not be justified in covetousness ? Were it at the command of power, who would not struggle to become puissant ? Could it, when lost, be restored by honor, who would not be ambitious ? But alas ! the honorary staff of office will no more assist decrepitude to walk than a common cane ! A blue ribbon will not bind up a wound as commodiously as a fillet ! The glitter of gold or of precious stones, instead of curing, will but injure weak eyes ; while to the aching head, a crown will be found less easy than a night-cap !”

“ Thus it follows, my love,” remarked the Baron, as he affectionately laid his hand on the shoulder of Viola, “ that you have wisely chosen the good most

essential to happiness. Where learnt you to estimate so justly this jewel above price, as the Doctor has truly denominated *Health*."

"Not in this school, I assure you," replied Viola with vivacity: "till I listened to his convincing eloquence, I was not aware of all its value. What determined my choice was the recollection of the sadness my mamma's late indisposition occasioned us all; and my motive was the desire of sparing those who love me similar sorrow on my account."

"How does every new trait of that angelic mind unfold its native excellence," said Villeroze in a low and agitated voice to the Baroness, as he leaned over the back of her chair!—"Ah, Madame!"

"She is a good girl!" replied Madame Isenberg, with gratified warmth, "and I greatly esteem you, my young friend,

for that impartiality which teaches you to appreciate her modest worth."

The answer which Villeroze eagerly began was drowned by the loud key in which Doctor Martimas at that instant broke forth, in an address to the Lady Marguerite ; who, it appeared, had made some observation to which they had not attended. " It requires no more than very ordinary sagacity," vociferated the Doctor, " to discover that ill-health loses not only all enjoyments of the gifts of fortune, but the pleasures of sense and imagination also ; equally restraining the operations of the body and the mind."

" You, Doctor Martimas, who are a professed philosopher," observed the Baron dryly, " ought to grant that the passions or distempers of *the mind* may render our lives unhappy, even though we be in the possession of good bodily health, and all the other gifts of fortune ; for, however we may reason and differ re-

specting the chief ingredient in the happiness of man, you can scarcely maintain that his pleasure arises from external rather than internal circumstances—from the impressions given him of objects, rather than from the disposition of his organs that *receive* those impressions.”

“The observations I have myself made on the different effects produced by the same object on different persons,” remarked Villeroze—“Nay even the different effects of the same object on the same person at different *times*, obliges me to subscribe to the correctness of your lordship’s observation.” And while he spoke, the recollection that he had, though but for a short time, suffered himself to be fascinated by the wiles of that very coquette, whose airs he had so lately viewed with cold and decided disapprobation, made the conscious blood mount to his cheek, as yielding to the abrupt interruption of Doctor Martimas, he

took the place the Baron had just quitted next that being with whom, though he had first viewed her with indifference, he now so passionately desired to pass his future life—and share with her his joys and sorrows.

“I grant your lordship,” said Doctor Martimas, with impetuosity, “that there are distempers which throw, over whatever thing, on which the patient looks a yellow hue; others which double what he sees. We all know a cold will alter our smells and tastes; while it impairs our sense of hearing, often entirely changing sounds.”

“And may not the perfection or imperfection of the *temper* produce similar effects?”—asked the Baron, “on which age may operate to increase or diminish its original bent? Such changes would naturally affect the organs, through which we receive our impressions, and make those impressions vary according

to the different frame of the temper—just as the sound of the same breath is altered on passing through a flageolet, a french horn, or a trumpet?”

“I am really disposed to congratulate you all,” observed the Baroness good humouredly, “on being so well satisfied with our present situation, as to pass by as unworthy of remark my wish of *fine weather*; which I had fancied would have been a very popular one amongst you.”

“In my opinion,” said Delmond, “much of what has been observed on the subject of *peace* and *health*, may with equal propriety be applied to your ladyship’s wish, since serenity in the air resembles *peace* in the *state*, and *health* in the *body*. Who that has endured a long series of cold, wet, or gloomy months, but has felt a species of sensual delight in once more inhaling the pure breath of heaven, tempered to mildness

by the reviving rays of the sun! Surely there is something in these delightful sensations very analogous to those experienced by the person, who, after having suffered on the bed of sickness, finds himself restored to health; and that of the grateful repose which the unfortunate victim who has been exposed to the turmoils of war, experiences on its miseries being succeeded by the ease, the tranquillity, and the blessings of *Peace*."

"You merit my very warm thanks, Delmond," said Madame Isenberg, "for having so ingeniously extricated me from the perplexing fear, that I had hazarded too trifling a wish, for one individual to undertake either its defence or condemnation. But I see our repast is ready: suppose we adjourn this very *metaphysical* debate till after we have refreshed ourselves."

Dorcor Martimas, who, on the first

hint of the repast, had taken a survey of the dainties which awaited his attack, now seizing the Baroness's hand conducted her to the table; round which the rest of the party seated themselves.

The Lady Marguerite had for a considerable time been kept silent by the excessive indignation, with which she had been inspired at the little deference Doctor Martimas had shewn for her last argument; and now perceiving that his every sense was soon engrossed in the gratification of eating, which with him superseded every other, thought her time was fairly arrived to meet him on the “’vantage ground.” But, rendered wary by his last rude assault, she thought it better doubly to guard against an immediate interruption from her ungallant antagonist, by beginning indirectly her hostilities, rather than an open shew of defiance.

With this view, addressing Don Al-

phonso, she said, "Amongst the manifold virtues which I admire in those of your nation, there is not one I hold so eximious as the ingenite *temperance*" (and this word was uttered with strong emphasis), "of your nobles; amongst the most distinguished of whom, I am well informed, it is common to find many passed their eighth lustre, who have never tasted wine undiluted by water! How honourous to those sapient law-givers who have ordained in Spain, that a man loses his testimony, provided it can be proved that he has only once degraded himself by becoming intoxicated with liquor! Such an excogitation must prove the best prophylactic against popination."

"To the temperance which your ladyship honors by your approbation," replied De Lerma, "is attributed the remarkable longevity of the higher ranks in Madrid. Many of our monarchs have attained very great ages; and one

amongst them *reigned* above seventy years."

"A striking contrast," observed the Baroness, "to the Kings of France; not one of whom (as Philip de Comines informs us), from the time of Charlemagne to that of Louis the eleventh, reached his sixtieth year. If therefore longevity is to be coveted, temperance ought to be enforced by all legislators."

"Health and long life," said Doctor Martimas (who having satisfied himself with the viands to which he had been served, was pausing while Carenthéa carved him a slice of perigord pie which stood near her, but which in her love of teasing him she did with a tardiness which put his patience to a severe trial) "Health and longevity are usually the attendants of the *poor*, in preference to the *rich*—the fruits of temperance, not of luxury and excess. A rich man must be sparing in his diet, as a poor

one; otherwise he will certainly find his wealth bring with it its attendant evils. He must use exercise, which is but voluntary labour—he must restrain his appetite by choice, as the poor man does by necessity—he must at times practice abstinence and fasting, which is the last extreme of want and poverty.”

Here having requested that a little more of the seasoned jelly might be added to his partridge, he continued “If his cares increase with his riches—or his passions with his pleasures—if he impair his health while he improves his fortune, he loses, weak man! the substantial good while he is pursuing the shadow!”

At this moment, the Doctor’s edifying, if not original discourse, was cut short by a domestic’s placing before him the well charged plate, which his eye had eagerly followed in its progress from the mischief-fraught Carenthéa to himself.

In addition to her general love of tormenting Doctor Martimas, she just then fancied he had given her much cause for spleen against him, by having been so diffuse on the topic of Viola's wish, while he had not deigned to notice her own. This she thought a slight, which well merited reprisals, and she resolved on not long remaining his debtor.

In pursuance therefore of this charitable determination, as he was elevating towards his open mouth the first delicious morsel of his well-spiced game, calling on him with a quickness, which compelled him to lay down his knife and fork and attend to her question, she said, with that entreating modesty which she well knew how to put on at pleasure—
“ Dear Doctor, those incomparable lessons you have been so persuasively teaching, must, no doubt, make their due impression on every hearer; for myself, who am very desirous of enjoying both

health and long life, I would fain hear them once more repeated. Will you favour me by again describing in what manner the Rich should live to possess the advantages of the Poor ?”

“ They must practice abstinence and fasting,” vociferated the Doctor, impatient of the unseasonable interruption.

“ And do *you* often practice them ?” asked Carenthêa, with a look of such undesigning innocence, and in a voice of so much simplicity as to produce an irresistible impression on the risible muscles of the company, and for a moment, greatly to disconcert the Doctor himself.

Finding this very home interrogatory not so easily answered as he could have wished, he filled up the interval of embarrassment, which on his part succeeded it, by laving his patée from a tureen which stood near him, with some ladles full of turtle-soup ; and at the same time pronounced, as if unconscious of the

absurdity of his doctrines and actions being so completely at variance—"The Rich must be as sparing in their diet as the Poor."

"Do the Poor often eat perigord pie and turtle soup?" asked the roguish Carenthéa, with the same inflexible naiveté of expression.

"Poh, poh," said the Doctor angrily, "I esteem these things merely as *wholesome luxuries*, which, if the indigent do not eat, it is because they are not within their reach;" and again he made an effort to raise to his longing mouth the fork on which was stuck the morsel of his inviting game, when it fell suddenly from his hand, which was rendered nerveless by the shock that he, in common with the rest of the party, received from a tremendous explosion, which at that moment shook the neighbouring mountains to their very foundations, and seemed to threaten annihilation to those

who had sought shelter in the humble auberge at their foot.

The room which the party occupied appeared suddenly involved in one livid blaze, from the reflection of a stream of electric fluid which poured its unquench-
ed flame on the opposite acclivity ; and in its impetuous descent rived in twain a noble oak, (which they had on their arrival been admiring, as they listened to the landlord's assurance, that it had flourished there nearly three centuries,) leaving in place of its venerable outstretched branches nothing but a melancholy and shattered trunk.

The peal of thunder, which at the same instant crashed over their heads, seemed to convulse both heaven and earth ; and for a time transfixed the appalled listeners, as though they had been struck by the resistless bolt which fell so near them.

It was not till the "repercussive roar,"

had rolled away its “rumbling burthen on the wind”—that either of the astounded hearers dare break the awful silence which succeeded the elementary war.

As soon as the first shock had subsided, Doctor Martimas once more renewed his attack on his perigord pie, which was not disturbed by a sight, that soon filled every one who witnessed it with pity and concern. The Doctor was, happily for himself, too much engaged to notice it.

A hay-rick which adjoined a neat cottage, situated on a beautiful slope not far from the inn, before whose door a group of happy children had been not long before playing, had caught fire from the lightning, and now presented the melancholy spectacle of threatening to involve in speedy ruin the thatched habitation which was occupied by the little party, whose frolics they had been admiring.

The Marquis, with his characteristic benevolence and active humanity, instantly quitted the table, and hastened with his domestics to the scene of devastation; where, by his judicious directions and timely assistance, he saved the apparently devoted cottage, and subdued the flames before they had half consumed the rick.

While he was engaged in this philanthropic work, in which he was soon joined by Delmond, a scene of much confusion took place amongst the friends whom he had so recently left.

De Lerma, Sigismond, and Sir Launcelot, on understanding whither the Marquis was gone, had started up with the design of following him; when they were arrested by the wild exclamations of Pauline, who stood with her sisters watching from a window the progress of the devouring element.

“Oh, God!” cried she with clasped

hands, "he is killed—he is certainly killed!" and as she spoke a horse was seen dashing madly past the window, which from its accoutrements had all the appearance of having thrown his rider.

Some of the Baron's people, who were at the door idly gazing at the distant fire, now running forward, succeeded in stopping the scared animal, which had excited their young lady's attention; and every one instantly recognized in him the favourite Ganymede of the Chevalier Florio.

Consternation now took possession of every female bosom; and Lady Aberdale eagerly besought that no time might be lost in hastening forward on the road, from whence the steed had made his escape, in search of the unfortunate rider; and that Florio was that person, no one doubted; as it was generally known he never permitted any one but himself to mount this highly-prized animal.

The three youth's instantly complied with her request; and the ladies in speechless terror awaited their return.

Half an hour had scarcely elapsed, which eager impatience made them fancy half a day, when Don Alphonso and Sir Launcelot appeared in sight, followed by the almost fainting Chevalier, supported on one side by Sigismond, and on the other by a stranger, whose countenance and whole appearance, in spite of the excessive agitation which was apparent in him, could not be remarked without exciting uncommon interest.

As the party drew nearer the window, and she perceived the Chevalier's fine hair to be discoloured by gore, the perturbation of Pauline became so serious, as extremely to alarm the Baroness.

“My dear girl,” said she, “for heaven's sake endeavour to subdue your too

lively sensibility, which is visibly undermining your health. My child, if you love your mother, compose yourself. —Were our young friend very severely hurt, do you imagine he would be able to reach us without more assistance ?”

Pauline attempted not to reply, but a burst of tears followed the address of Madame Isenberg ; which that lady permitted to flow uninterruptedly, convinced they were the most salutary relief which her over-wrought feeling could experience.

In the meantime the subject of her interest was slowly conducting into the apartment, and placed on a chair. On perceiving by whom he was surrounded, he made an effort to speak, but a sick faintness at that moment coming over him, his head sank on the shoulder of Sigismond, and utter insensibility succeeded.

Doctor Martimas, who had by this

time finished his repast, and consoled himself for the desertion of the rest of the party, by swallowing copious libations of burgundy, now, with unusual alacrity, obeyed the summons of his friends to examine into the hurts of the Chevalier; and soon discovered that he had received a pretty considerable (though not dangerous) gash on his head, from which the blood still continued to trickle.

While Doctor Martimas was unceremoniously cutting away (Carenthéa thought with malicious pleasure) the beautiful hair of the patient from the wounded part, and profusely laving it with cold water, the stranger, whom Sigismond had found assisting Florio to rise from the spot on which his horse had thrown him, was recognized by Lady Aberdale as one with whom she was not wholly unacquainted. This she acknowledged, by enquiring if he had

lately seen his venerable relative, Madame de Rosenheim, and lamenting that her infirmities had precluded their ever visiting. Then addresssing herself to Madame Isenberg, she informed her, that Rosenheim, the distant view of which she had so greatly admired from the park of Rhonburg, was the seat of the lady in question, with whom this Chevalier, her grandson, occasionally passed his vacations ; and that, although he had never honored her by frequenting her mansion, she had more than once experienced the pleasure of meeting him at those of their mutual friends.

The Baroness now asked the youth in what way the accident which had befallen Florio (who still continued insensible) had happened. To this, Count Adelpour de Mornie (the name by which Lady Aberdale accosted him) satisfied the general interest, by informing them, that they had together that

morning left with the resolution of reaching Augsburg before night, at which place he had himself a particular engagement; and his friend, who was apprized of their rout, expected at that place to overtake the Baron and his party. That they had, in pursuance of these designs, proceeded as far as the summit of the opposite hill, when the late dreadful electric explosion, startled, and greatly terrified his companion's horse. Before his rider had time to put himself on his guard, the animal, making so violent a plunge as instantly to precipitate him from his seat, galloped with astonishing velocity down the steep declivity, leaving his master in the condition they saw.

By this time the Doctor had applied, with complete success, a stiptic to the head of the poor Chevalier, who soon shewed symptoms of returning sense; and a few reviving drops, which were

administered to him the moment he was capable of swallowing them, effected his entire restoration.

Adelcour now anxiously approaching him, enquired if the cut in his head was the only hurt he had received?

“I feel some inconvenience,” replied he, “from a contusion I have here,” laying his hand on his shoulder.

“Do you find yourself equal to walk into another apartment?” asked Doctor Martimas, “or shall we request the favor of these ladies to withdraw for a short time, while we examine into the magnitude of the injury?”

“Neither,” replied the Chevalier, with a vivacity which surprised those who had a few minutes before beheld him sinking with langor; while the crimson tide which instantly rushed to overspread his face, testified that the displeasure he harboured against the Doctor, was by no means subdued by the ser-

vices he had, during his recent insensibility, received at his hands.

“Are you serious?” demanded Doctor Martimas, in his turn taking offence.

“Never more so,” replied Florio, in a determined voice.

The Doctor, with the air of one who highly resents the finding an intended kindness, on his part, requited by a wilful slight, now returning to his burgundy, drank off a bumper to the charitable wish of “wisdom to those that want it.”

Florio cast on him a look of indignant impatience; then, turning to Lady Aberdale, he asked what made her so grave?

“I was just then forming a resolution,” answered she, “by laying which before you, I shall answer your interrogatory. You must go with me into another room, and suffer me to examine into the nature of your hurt. If it be, as you affirm, trifling, I shall acquiesce in your hasty resolution of not allowing

Doctor Martimas to inspect it. If, on the contrary, it appears to me necessary, I shall not recede from my determination, that you benefit by his advice."

"You well know," returned the Chevalier, assuming a faint shade of his wonted puppyism; "your ladyship too well knows how absolute are your commands with me," rising, as he spoke, to comply with her wish.

His strength, however, was by no means equal to second his desire of appearing as if nothing ailed him: for, on attempting to walk, he reeled, and would have fallen, had not Adelcour caught him.

That youth now, respectfully taking leave of the Isenberg party, declared he must immediately set forward on his journey, which he should do without reluctance, as he could leave his companion in such excellent hands; then giving his supporting arm to the Cheva-

lier, and conducting him into the other room, as soon as they were joined by Lady Aberdale he departed, and mounting his horse, slowly quitted the village; the eyes of the whole company whom he had left following him till he was out of sight.

Apathetic indeed, must have been the being, who could, with indifference, have viewed this interesting young man. It was not his tall, commanding, and dignified person; his finely proportioned features, nor his dark, penetrating, and intelligent eyes, which made his first claim on the affection; but the strong expression of hopeless sorrow which sat on his marked brow, and appeared to have entirely deprived his cheek of colour. Yet still more powerfully did the mournful tones of his clear and manly voice sink into the hearts of those whom he had left, and inspire them with an earnest wish of knowing more of him.

“I wonder,” exclaimed Doctor Martin, with a contemptuous curl of his lip, as soon as Adelcour had turned the angle which shut him from their view; “I wonder if any great intimacy subsists between that youth and the Chevalier Florio.”

“And pray why should that excite your curiosity?” demanded Carenthéa, with more than her usual quickness.

“Because,” returned the Doctor, “if that young gentleman does not possess a mind which teaches him to despise empty coxcombs, I have no skill in physiognomy.”

“And if I have any judgment in personal advantages,” retorted Carenthéa, haughtily, “the Count decidedly possesses too many himself, to view through the medium of envy (and by so doing, distort into serious blemishes) the elegant, the endearing, the enchanting frivolities of our darling Chevalier. Don’t

you think, Don Alphonso," pursued she, throwing on him a supplicating glance; "dont you think the Chevalier irresistible, when he exhibits his inexhaustible store of elegant affectation?— Yet perhaps his very lively manners are not so much calculated to take with one of your grave cast of character, as with Sigismond," added she, observing from the looks of De Lerma that he did not exactly sympathize with her. "Could you have supposed it in nature, brother, for the engaging Florio to inspire a prejudice so rooted as that which Doctor Martimas has conceived against him?"

"I should still less have imagined, had I not witnessed it," replied Sigismond, "that one of the Chevalier's volatile and thoughtless temper could have harboured so deep a resentment for an offence which the Doctor never intended him: at least, so at the time, I remembered, he declared."

Doctor Martimas—who, from the moment Carenthéa maliciously forced on the company the comparison between his figure and that of the Count, had stood viewing himself in a small mirror at the other end of the room, which was so suspended as to reflect objects fore-shortened, adding to their breadth what it took from their height, in consequence of the upper part of the glass inclining forwards—now turning angrily on his heel, snatched his hat, and disappeared.

The Baroness very seriously reproved her daughter's indulgence of that blameable spirit of playing upon others; and Carenthéa, half sorry, though at that very moment half tempted to sin again, was making something like a promise of amendment, when Lady Aberdale, with a smiling countenance, entered the room, accompanied by the Chevalier, who appeared so much recovered, that a great

deal of his usual animation was lighted up in his face.

“Well, my charming friends,” said he, gaily, “I have come off victoriously, and have obtained her Ladyship’s permission, if I am to die of my wounds, to e’en do so, without the aid of a doctor.”

“I am happy, my dear Chevalier,” said Carenthéa, (quite forgetting her recent laudable intention of amendment) that you are not likely to stand in need of the services of the doughty Doctor Martimas, who has decamped, I firmly believe, that he might be out of the way, supposing Lady Aberdale had thought it necessary to call in his assistance.”

The Baroness gave her a reproving look, and soon after proposed, that as many of the party as felt inclined should walk with her as far as the cottage;

where they could discern that the fire was quite extinguished.

Florio pathetically lamented that he was not equal to attend her ladyship. Madame Isenberg, who remarked that Pauline had not entirely recovered the effects of her late fright, proposed that she should remain quietly behind, and bear him and Doctor Martimas company during their absence, to which she thankfully consented. Every one else starting up, on the first mention of the excursion, declared their wish of accompanying her; and they accordingly set out together.

The late storm had completely spent itself, and the disparting clouds once more opened to view the azure vault of heaven. Rain drops trembled on every leaf whose late patterings had diffused that soft and balmy coolness around, which, when thus "nature's smiles re-

vived," so sweetly cheers and animate the soul.

Viola, whose every sense was enlivened by this soothing charm, with the lightness of a fawn followed Isidore up the steep ascent which led to the cottage, leaving the rest of the party, who walked slowly to accommodate the pace of the Lady Marguerite, far behind.

On their reaching the late scene of conflagration, the boy perceived Delmond talking to the servants who had aided in extinguishing the fire; and, quitting his sister, ran forward to join him, while she entered the neat but humble habitation of the cottagers.

Voices in an inner room drew her to the open door which led to it, but at its threshold she stood silent and suspended by the scene which presented itself to her view.

Villeroze, apparently unconscious of his singed and dishevelled hair, or his

scorched and soiled garments, was seated on a low stool in the middle of the chamber, holding on one knee a lovely child of about a twelvemonth old, to whose ear he was alternately applying his watch, and then holding it at a distance within its sight, while, with a countenance animated by benevolent pleasure, he smilingly regarded the sparkling and distended eyes of the delighted babe, as, by its out-stretched and rapidly moving limbs, it seemed on the point of *flying* from his arms with very rapture.—A chubby boy, next to him in years, stood below playing with the seals which were suspended to the chain, while the rest of the group, consisting of three or four more, completely surrounded the Marquis; some engaged in examining the reflection of their own innocent faces in his highly polished buttons; others lost in admiration of the splendid embroidery on his clothes.

A nice looking young woman, the mother of the little family, into whose lap Villeroze had not long before emptied the contents of his purse, as a remuneration for the loss of her hay, stood at a little distance, pouring forth the grateful effusions of an excellent and simple heart.—“Dear me, your honor,” said she, “who would not think you had just such a little set of your own?”

“Indeed, my good woman,” replied Villeroze, without taking his eyes from the face of his panting nursling, “indeed, my good woman, I am not so fortunate.”

“Alack-a-day!” said the cottager, “the more’s the pity,” for her own honest bosom was at that moment glowing with maternal love. “But perhaps your honor’s grace is not yet married?”

“No, my worthy creature,” sighed the Marquis.

“Well, well,” exclaimed the poor

woman, “ the more is my Herman obliged to your honor, for thinking of what became of his Theresa and her young ones while he was far away.— Oh! mercy!” continued the grateful mother, shuddering at the dreadful image which at that moment presented itself to her imagination, “ Oh! the Lord! but for your worship’s mighty wisdom and goodness, the father of these dear babes (who but two days ago went to visit a sick uncle several leagues off, leaving us all in this pretty, and as we both thought, safe dwelling, with every thing about us which heart could wish, and little dreaming of what might befall us while he was far away), but for your goodness, when he comes back to morrow as we expect he will, he might have found us without a place to shelter our heads under, or a morsel of bread to satisfy our hunger:—all our comforts, our little all burnt and destroyed!”

“You must be grateful to heaven, my good creature,” said Villeroze, “who, in the absence of your protector, sent you one to succour these little ones and yourself.”

“I *am* grateful to heaven!” replied the weeping woman, “and to your honor also, and every night I will henceforth teach my children to return thanks to God for raising us up such a noble benefactor in time of need; and they shall learn to pray for blessings on your honor. Yes! we will all join in begging that the Almighty will repay your goodness to us by soon finding for you a wife, who will love you, and make you as happy as I do my Herman.”

An exclamation which just then escaped one of the children made Villeroze turn towards the spot on which still stood the motionless Viola.—Their eyes met, and the look which they at that moment mutually exchanged, spoke

more convincingly to the heart of each than volumes could have done. Placing the crowing infant in the arms of its mother, the Marquis precipitately approached the trembling girl, and, taking both her hands in his, said, in a voice scarcely audible from emotion, "Have I already found her?"

The scene which Viola had for some time been witnessing was one exactly calculated to fill with tenderness a soul like her's, while it developed to her own comprehension the nature of those sentiments with which her bosom was filled for Villeroze.

Thoughts and feelings, till then unknown to her, had rushed impetuously on her heart, as she contemplated in so new, so endearing a light, one who had long possessed her regard and admiration. In the intense interest with which she had been observing him, she entirely forgot her own situation, till she was

roused to a sense of it by the sudden action of the Marquis.

Youth and great sensibility of character often threw over the sentiments of this charming girl the veil of timidity; yet her mind was ever the seat of noble candour. In the present instance, surprised—affected—entirely thrown off her guard by the novel and irrepressible emotions which agitated her, she was incapable, by words, of answering the solemn—the abrupt question which Villeroze's look and manner rendered so unequivocal. Yet she gave him a sacred pledge—which filled his soul with confidence and joy—a pressure of the hand so gentle, that it might have been imperceptible to any one who had not loved like Villeroze :—revealed to him the sympathy which united their best affections, and awakened in his bosom a thrill of the most tumultuous rapture.

At that moment the voice of Isidore

was heard calling aloud, "Monsieur le Marquis—where can Monsieur le Marquis be gone?" In the next minute he entered the cottage followed by Delmond and the whole Isenberg party—"Why, here he is!" cried the delighted boy, skipping up to his ever indulgent friend, and affectionately taking his hand, which had but an instant before reluctantly relinquished those of his lovely sister.—"Here he is at last; and there is Viola walking in that pretty flower garden: I dare say she is gone on purpose to gather some of those roses."

Nothing, however, could be further from the intention of Viola, when, scarcely knowing why, on hearing the approach of her family, she had hastily turned into the garden to avoid them; leaving her lover not much more qualified to receive them calmly than herself.

Luckily, the attention of every one was immediately too much occupied in

remarking the personal danger to which the Marquis's apparel testified he had been exposing himself, to observe any symptoms but those of fatigue in his appearance ; and for a short time after their arrival all was rendered confusion by the bustle made by the little rustics ; who, at their mother's command, busied themselves in collecting, as quickly as possible, all the seats the cottage afforded ; of which the grand company, whose appearance had half scared them out of their little wits, took immediate possession.

“ Well,” exclaimed Carenthéa, at length, letting go the second boy whom she had been tickling, to make him shew his ruddy face, which he was ashamed to do to so fine a lady, “ Well, after all, things do occur very strangely on the ocean of this very strange world ! Who would ever have dreamt this morning, when we set sail for Augsburg with

such fair breezes, and a sky so bright that scarcely a cloud was to be seen—who would have thought, I say, that five leagues distance from our destined port, storms, and tempests, and hurricanes, would arise and drive us into the dismal harbour in which we are at present moored? This alone was sufficiently unexpected, yet how much more, that the treacherous Ganymede should have thrown his gallant rider, and cruelly left him for dead on the field of action. But what forms the climax of this day's wonders, is the deplorably burnt, wounded, and maimed situation of the poor Marquis !”

“Maimed !” exclaimed every voice at once—as all turned their anxious looks on Villeroze.

“Why dont you see,” replied Carenthéa gravely, “that he has lost more than half his hair ? not to mention that frightful black mark on his left cheek !”

“Your fears magnify the reality,” observed Don Alphonso, smiling: “the mark of which you speak, a little water will, I believe, efface; but for the other injury you so touchingly lament for my friend, though by no means so great as you apprehend, he must e’en have recourse to time and *patience*, which will assuredly repair that also.”

“I am greatly beholden to you, my lord,” returned the roguish girl, with great seriousness, “for dissipating the regret I was before weakly indulging at the Marquis’s misfortune. The idea you so happily suggest, that it will afford a wholesome exercise for the very excellent domestic virtue you have named, converts my condolence into congratulations. I am sure,” added she, with a saucy archness which corresponded with her words, “I am sure all those who fairly appreciate my merits, will admit, that I am, in this respect, very

consistent; for in so high a reverence do I hold the virtue of *patience*, that I seldom lose sight of the laudable endeavour to keep it in constant practice amongst those I most regard."

"Enchantress!" thought De Lerma, as with fond admiration he watched, whilst she was speaking, the play of her animated and beautiful countenance. "What vivacity!—what charming spirits does she possess!—May no levity ever obscure their present dazzling brilliancy."

In reality, Carenthéa was precisely formed to create, when known and loved by Don Alphonso, the charm or torment of his life. Her lovely person and playful elegance, attracted, interested, and enlivened his naturally grave disposition, opening to it a new and intoxicating source of pleasure:—while the dignified character—the high cultivation of mind—and polish of manners, set off by the fine face and figure of De Lerma, made

an impression on the fluttering heart of Carenthéa, which no one less gifted could have effected. Still there was much of coquetry mingled with the sentiments with which he had inspired her; and sometimes she herself doubted whether it was the *triumph* of winning him, or the desire of *securing* him her *partner for life*, that most powerfully spurred her on the trial.

Carenthéa, however, seldom troubled herself much with the examination of her motives for action. It at present satisfied her to know that she was become the object of his sole attention—that the sway she held over him had drawn him from those studies, to which he had formerly devoted himself—that he appeared now to have but one wish—one pursuit—that of ever being near her, and anticipating her every wish.

On the part of her lover, circumstances of which he was unconscious operated

to blind him to those reigning foibles of Carenthéa, which now appeared so glaring to the Marquis.

He had inspired her with a *respect* which she never felt for any other being; and this respect, kept alive by the fear that she had not absolutely secured him hitherto, even her most thoughtless moments had proved a barrier to her ever amusing herself at *his* expense. De Lerma, therefore, was not, as yet, aware how often she made it her pastime to cause others to smart, by attacking them in their most vulnerable point.

The talent, too, of giving an air of undesign to her raillery, when she meant it to be most cutting, taught him to acquit her of any malice at heart. How indeed could one so much in love suspect that her smiling, dimpled face often covered a cruel wish, of finding amusement for herself in the pain she afflicted on others? Yet such was the actual dis-

position of Carenthéa, till corrected by the wholesome punishment which her own follies drew on her.

One trait alone did the partial admirer, of even her faults, desire to see altered. —It was, what he esteemed her infatuated approbation of the fopperies of the Chevalier ; for though he was confident she loved him not, yet his delicacy was sometimes severely wounded by the evident delight she took in his company ; nor could he ever without pain reflect on this circumstance. Yet he despised Florio's frivolity too much, to own, even to himself, that it was possible for one he so little esteemed to excite in his bosom a sentiment of jealousy.

Carenthéa, too, had always taken care, whenever she perceived, on this account, a shade of discontent to darken his countenance, by some trifling attention, some flattering mark of regard, to banish it ; and by doing so, she generally rendered

rendered him at the moment more than ever her slave.

This giddy girl was, however, not aware that she was heedlessly scattering the seeds of discontent in his heart, which, though at present they lay dormant there, wanted but little nourishment to make them strike deep root. With this nourishment she amply supplied them, when the fancied security of finding him her declared and approved lover banished that guard which she had before kept over herself. But as yet nothing could have been less foreseen or imagined possible on either part than such an event.

After some of the party had for awhile diverted themselves, by alternately playing with the children, and listening to their mother, Carenthéa asked the Baroness if she had resolved on passing the night there.

“I perceive, by that question,” said

Madame Isenberg, smiling, "that, with your usual restlessness, you are impatient to change the scene."

"By no means," replied her daughter, "but our company are deserting us so rapidly, that if we do not soon beat to arms, I know not how we are to collect our scattered troops before sun-set."

Madame, now rising, presented the cottagers with a liberal mark of her bounty, in which example every one followed her. Then desiring her eldest son to request those who were strolling in the garden immediately to follow her, she led the way towards the inn.

Sigismond was met at the gate by Isidore, loaded with the roses which Delmond had been assisting him to gather; while Villeroze, who had impatiently seized the first instant to effect his unnoticed escape from the ill-timed raillery of Carenthéa, eagerly hastened to the garden, with the fond desire of

drawing from the trembling lips of Viola, the confirmation of those sweet hopes with which she had recently inspired him.

How enchanting is the first gleam of intercourse with the object of our love, ere memory becomes the partner of hope, ere eloquence has painted what we feel !

Such were the sensations with which the Marquis and Viola met. But a soul ardent like that of Villeroze, glowing with a profound and genuine passion, is ever restless till it has exchanged this dream of happiness for a confirmation of its certainty. His life had for some time been solely dedicated to the studying every movement of that unpractised heart, whose dearest object he sighed to discover himself. But, hitherto, he had found a timid reserve, a retiring modesty, in the manners of this lovely young creature, which baffled his every effort ; for

though, in his most sanguine moments, he had at times flattered himself he distinguished *flashes* of the partial regard he so eagerly sought, there was still ever left on his mind a fearful doubt equally calculated to irritate his passion, and render still more intense the interest with which he pursued his scrutiny.

Perhaps to the intenseness of this ever watchful curiosity, Viola owed the indelible impression she had so unpremeditatedly fixed on the heart of Villeroze. For the unremitting attention with which he traced her every spring of action, could alone have taught him so justly to develope those nicer movements of the soul which distinguished her singularly beautiful character, and gave to it, when known, such indefinable attractions—attractions that, to any but a congenial mind, must for ever have remained undiscovered, unappreciated.

Even that of Villeroze, formed as it was to vibrate in unison with her's, needed the piercing vigilance his doubts created, to penetrate, so early, the veil of diffidence under which they were concealed.

Sweetly had time glided on with the Marquis while thus engaged, yet he had, during that interval, been often on the point of seizing some favorable moment to barter hope for certainty—to probe the heart of Viola—to ascertain, at once, if the delicious dream in which he had been fondly viewing futurity was a bright reality.

Yet, when such moment had hitherto presented itself, the doubt of self-merit, which genuine love ever feels till certain of a requital, made him fearfully shrink from the possibility of seeing the blissful visions in which he had been indulging suddenly dissolve, leaving on his aching heart the image only of their fatal influence.

It was with thoughts so occupied that he had contemplated her angelic physiognomy, while he leaned over the back of her mother's chair, in the apartment of the auberge, and viewed with tender admiration the innocent and tranquil soul, which its soft features so touchingly reflected.

“Great God!” thought Villeroze, “dare I flatter myself that heart, formed surely by the hand of love himself, has consecrated to me its first emotions!—Could that lovely countenance, pure as it is beautiful, express such sweet security, if a new-born passion had taught her bosom to throb in sympathy with mine? Ah, no!

Thus fearing, thus still doubting, but for the little unforeseen incident which that afternoon at once awakened Viola to a sense of the empire her lover held over her affections, and taught him to divine their influence in her ingenuous

and agitated conduct, those felicitous moments he was tasting, while listening to the confirmation of his cherished hopes, pronounced in accents long so dear to him, might still have been delayed.

The impassioned thanks with which he was seeking to calm the deeply affected object of his enthusiasm, were suddenly interrupted by the voice of Sigismond, who loudly summoned them to follow his mother and the rest of the party to the auberge; whither he informed them they were already bending their course.—Then adding, he must hasten after Miss Wanmore, who wanted his assistance in getting down the steep slope, which the late rain had rendered slippery and unsafe to descend: he requested the Marquis to perform the same service to his sister, and departed.

Villeroze turning, with a tender smile, towards his lovely companion, said, as he

gently drew her arm within his own, and held its hand pressed to his transported bosom,—“Precious office! sacred trust! to serve, to protect, to shield her, alike from danger and sorrow, shall be the dearest as it is henceforth the first duty of that life, whose happiness can be derived alone from her.”

As they passed through the cottage, the grateful mother met them, and, with curtsies and repeated acknowledgments of the benefits the Marquis had conferred on her, presented him the watch, which, with the infant, he had put into her hands the moment his eyes first encountered those of Viola.

“Keep it, my good creature,” said Villeroze, as its sight recalled the throb of extacy with which he had resigned it to her, “keep it, my good creature, and should I fail to prove to you and your little family the lasting friend it is my intention to become—should you in

future wish to secure the performance of any service you would ask at my hands, shew me that pledge of the engagement into which I now enter—its sight will insure you the completion of your desire.”

Meanwhile, Sigismond had hastened to offer the assistance to Miss Wanmore she had previously claimed; but to his surprise she now as positively declined the aid he proffered, as she had before vehemently protested, that, without it, she would not venture to descend the hill.

The youth, equally unsuspecting and careless respecting the cause of her change of mind, finding her inexorably bent on proceeding alone, bounded past her, and offered his arm to his mother, whom he found with Lady Aberdale under the protection of the Baron. Delmond was far behind her, cautiously guiding the steps of the Lady Margue-

rite, who was also assisted by Sir Launcelot; and the attention of De Lerma was, as usual, entirely engrossed by Carenthéa. Not, however, in assisting her; that she peremptorily rejected; but in anxiously keeping by her side, and with painful earnestness watching her slippery and unsteady course.

This was precisely the scope of Carenthea's aim; for in thus chusing to venture unassisted, she acted entirely on the principle which she established as a guide to her choice of conduct on all occasions.

Had she in the present instance quietly accepted the good offices of Don Alphonso, she would not, in any considerable degree, have excited that trembling watchfulness with which he now marked the dangers he apprehended she was encountering; and while he looked and trembled, he also admired. Who could observe without admiring, the agile, the elastic move-

ments, by which she gracefully recovered herself when a *faux pas* threatened to precipitate her down the steep declivity; or the exquisitely turned foot and ankle which were unavoidably displayed, as the former sought the safest resting place whereon to light? Not the enamoured Don Alphonso Savaadra De Lerma.

Thus did the proud consciousness of triumphant sway smooth the dangerous down-hill path of the gay and giddy Carenthéa. But no such stimulus to exertion had the luckless Miss Wanmore amidst her difficulties.

Previous

...us to the party's quitting the auberge, she had *draped* herself in her *Proteus decorament*, and had played off her minor manœuvres with its flowing folds at Sigismond, during their progress to the cottage, and the time they remained there; but she politically reserved her most finished wiles for their walk back, on which occasion she was resolved to enjoy a tête à tête with him.

All might have gone on well, and Letitia have amused *herself*, if not her *companion*, with her ingenious *ruses*, had she not injudiciously persevered in the new folly of imitating the whims of Carenthéa.

Not in the least doubting that her chusing, like her fair model, to descend unaided, would awaken the same tender interest in the bosom of Sigismond, which she observed manifested by De Lerma, she had so disposed the *aërial drapery* of her veil, as to exhibit only a demi-profile, when the youth overtook her, and in the next minute passed on to the Baroness, as we have already seen—leaving the luckless Miss Wanmore overwhelmed with surprise, disappointment, anger, and indignation.

Where was now the use of that golden occasion which the path-way offered for displaying her little foot in the most enticing attitude? Where were the eagerly

extended arms to catch and enfold her, if an unlucky slip should threaten danger to her delicate form?

As the infuriating idea that she was slighted—deserted—betrayed—rushed on her fancy, those eyes, which had been a few moments before preparing to effuse more than mortal softness on the ungrateful Sigismond, were now filled with tears of bitterness—She slipped—and slid—and grew still more angry.

Nothing is so apt to disarrange the little delicate managements of the coquette as ill-humour! Under its malign influence the hand of Miss Wanmore lost its wonted skill. That *magic drapery* which hitherto, obedient to her practiced touch, had assumed whatever form she chose, appeared worn now only to thwart and vex her. Blinded by her tears, and trembling with passion, the more she tried to free herself from its

incumbrances, the more she became entangled amidst its folds.

Nor had Letitia, in her rash determination to follow the example of Carenthéa, calculated on the obvious advantage her rival possessed over her, in that light activity, which a fine form, united to youth, high health, and boundless spirits, gave her.

It unhappily never occurred to Miss Wanmore that her own short and shapeless legs, so disproportionate to the dwarfish feet to which they were attached, offered her no hope of enabling her to exert the same elastic agility which insured the safety of Carenthéa's descent. After for some time struggling to preserve her equipoise, or to disencumber herself from her perplexing drapery, she vainly cast her eyes on all sides for help.—But, alas! none was near. In a transport of grief and passion,

therefore, with sighs, or rather sobs, she proceeded.

But the unrelenting Fates, not satisfied with having denied her the triumphant descent she had meditated, seemed to have decreed that it should on the contrary be cruelly undignified, unbecoming, unsentimental. Just as she had reached the sharpest point of the slope, her feet together treacherously gave way, and in an instant, like the stone of Sisyphus, she rolled impetuously down the steep declivity!

The shriek the luckless Miss Wammore uttered in falling reached the ears of the Marquis and Don Alphonso, who, with their fair companions, hastened instantly towards her. Before their arrival, however, they had the satisfaction of seeing her rapid course stopped by a large furze bush, which effectually checked her further progress till they were enabled to help her to rise.

It was with real commiseration that her young companions inquired if she had received any serious injury.

“Injury!” exclaimed Miss Wanmore in a tone of complete ill humour—“an irreparable one.”

“I hope not,” said the alarmed Viola, attributing to acute pain her raised voice and angry look. “Pray, where are you hurt?”

“Look there—” screamed Letitia, “and spare all further questions.”

Every eye followed the direction of her hand, and beheld that *mystic veil*, imagined to have been reticulated by the rosy fingers of the God of Love, torn, soiled, annihilated!

Its *aërial drapery* had unhappily come in contact with the thorny leaves of some of the smaller furze bushes over which she had rolled, and each retained some fragments of the once costly decora-
ment. Even the little fairy bag, with-

in whose embroidered sides it was wont to conceal its pliant folds, disdaining to survive the ruin of its loved companion, lay at a little distance—dirty, disfigured, spoilt!

“What a pity!” sighed the sympathizing Carenthéa (who, being the only one present initiated into the magic powers of the veil, alone could appreciate the mighty loss); “What a pity!”

“But have you received no personal hurt?” asked every other voice at once.

“Good heavens!” sobbed the irrational Miss Wanmore, “what barbarity! Is not that a sufficient misfortune? Would you have had my limbs torn and mangled in the same merciless manner? I am sure I would rather have had a hundred cottages burnt down, than that such a misfortune should have befallen myself.”

Carenthéa, who feared the Baroness would attribute to her giddy example,

the accident which had happened, and who best knew how to restore the young lady to more temperate behaviour, now, looking significantly at Viola and the Chevaliers, said, “ You see poor Miss Wanmore is greatly agitated ; leave us for a few minutes, that she may recover her spirits ; I know she will do this sooner if left alone with me.”

The hint was immediately taken, and Carenthéa, after ascertaining that she had received no greater injury than a few inconsiderable scratches, judiciously reminded her, that tears did not suit the peculiar character of her face, and were very apt to make her nose red.

“ What a dear creature,” observed Miss Wanmore, drying her eyes, “ you are, to remind me of that circumstance, which I had entirely forgotten : such an inconvenience would be doubly vexatious, till I am able to provide myself with some sort of substitute for my recent loss.”

“Come, come, we will not talk any more of the loss just now,” said Carenthéa (fearful the storm was again gathering): “our beaux are on their return; and there is Sigismond scaling the acclivity, to inquire what has happened to you.”

“Is he?” sighed Miss Wanmore: “he relents then from his cruelty.” And while she spoke she endeavoured, with the assistance of Carenthéa, to restore her disarranged dress to the best order the nature of the case would admit.

Sigismond, who had left the Baroness at the auberge, and was come back at her desire to inquire why the rest of the party did not immediately follow her, on hearing of Miss Wanmore’s accident, manifested so much good nature in the regret he expressed, that the young lady, with her accustomed folly, persuaded herself there lurked beneath his guarded language evident symptoms of a ro-

mantic passion for herself, which was visible through all his efforts to conceal it. Soothed by this idea, she now condescended to accept his again proffered arm; and the party, who were by this time assembled, proceeded once more forward towards the auberge.

CHAP. VI.

MADAME Isenberg, after her son had left her, on entering the apartment in which they had refreshed themselves, was greatly surprized on finding it empty. The carriages were in readiness for their departure, the sun had nearly set, and she was vexed to perceive that a new delay threatened them; when on inquiring of her own people and those of the house, every one protested that they had imagined Pauline, the Chevalier, and Doctor Martimas to have been sitting in that room, and that they were wholly ignorant what could have become of them.

The Baroness, much disconcerted by this account, strolled into a kind of rude shrubbery, planted by the hand of nature,

that skirted a meadow behind the auberge, in the hope of meeting them.

As she walked on, she was forcibly struck with the inconsistency of Florio's conduct, who had declared himself quite unequal to any exertion, as an excuse for not accompanying her to the cottage. She remembered also the apparent languor of Pauline, which had alone induced her to allow of her remaining behind. How irreconcilable this, to what a domestic had just observed to her—"that they must have gone out nearly at the same time with her ladyship, for within a few minutes after the party left the room, his avocations had stationed him near the door, since which no one could have passed in or out without his knowledge."

The more Madame Isenberg pondered on this subject, the less she was able to comprehend it. She became unaccountably agitated, as confused and vague

apprehensions rushed on her imagination. "Can Pauline," thought she, "have premeditatedly deceived me? Could my child have condescended to practise artifice, in order to accomplish some secret plan, on which she feared to consult her mother? God of mercies! should it be even so—dare *I* arraign thy justice? Should that heart-piercing idea be realized—can *I* presume to complain? Ah, no!" pursued the conscience-struck Madame Isenberg, "for I have myself converted the tenderly-breathed blessing of my maternal parent into the very curse at which I tremble! It has at this moment perhaps already fallen on my devoted head." And again the last words of the Countess D'Aubry vibrated on the ear of her repentant daughter.—"*Bless her, heaven, in her own children, even as she has blessed us.*"

With a mind so disordered, it is not surprising that the Baroness was uncon-

conscious how far she had strayed from the house. She continued with increasing perturbation to walk forward, from time to time pronouncing the name of her daughter.

But no answer was returned—no sound was heard, save the notes of the Ibis and the Bee-eater, as they were retiring to their evening shelter, and the croaking reptiles which crawled amidst the long lank grass, which grew beneath the trees on each side the path-way.

The shades of evening were now fast gathering on the scene—a chill ureau had seized on the faculties of Madame Isenberg—the rustling of a leaf made her start, for superstitious terrors crept through her trembling frame.

At length the dismally hollow booming of a Bittern, as it winged homewards its heavy flight, sounded to her disordered fancy the ill-omened shriek of some preternatural harbinger of woe.

She stopped, and instinctively endeavoured to turn back ; but at that moment the same awfully reverberating clash, which had preceded the appearance of the spectre in the chapel of the chateau of Isenberg, struck on her appalled senses, and in the next it stood before her !—

“Speak,” cried the Baroness, whose stiffened limbs refused to bear her from the spot to which her fears had rooted her—“speak, if you have ought to communicate of me, or mine ?”

“Avoid Villerose !” replied a hollow and sepulchral voice. “If you would obtain the paternal pardon, banish him your children’s presence.”

“Wherefore ?” demanded Madame Isenberg, whose powers were now wound up to that pitch of desperation which defies the worst—“wherefore ?—speak—say—”

As she addressed it, the spectre mourn-

fully waving its head, receded from her straining eyes, and appeared to dissolve on her sight at the very moment she perceived Pauline and the Chevalier coming up the path-way almost close to the spot on which it had vanished.

As soon as they observed the Baroness, they hastened towards her, and found her cold, trembling, almost lifeless !

Pauline, inexpressibly shocked, earnestly intreated to know what had happened.

“ Did you not see it ? ” demanded the Baroness, wildly—“ Had it been of this earth, you must have felt its icy touch ? ”

“ What, my dear Madame—of what are you speaking ? ” inquired the astonished Chevalier.

Madame Isenberg now endeavoured to explain what she had herself seen and heard ; but her broken and interrupted narrative only served to persuade her auditors that she had experienced a return of the indisposition under which

she had recently suffered at Isenberg^s and, in the hope of diverting her thoughts from the imaginary horrors which affected her, the Chevalier, endeavouring to assume his accustomed easy gaiety, took on himself to explain the cause of their absence, for which, he observed he was, alone, accountable.

Almost immediately after the party had set out for the cottage, he said he had been so much affected by the closeness of the room, that Pauline, at his earnest instances, consented to stroll with him in the shrubbery till their return. They had each found it so cool and refreshing, and the scenery was so temptingly picturesque, that they walked and chatted, unconscious how time had fled, and were hastening back, surprised at the sudden coming on of twilight when they had encountered Madame Isenberg.

As the Baroness listened to the natural way in which he explained the

cause of their absence, and felt herself, on one side, supported by that beloved child, on whose account she had so causelessly suffered such strange apprehensions to take possession of her mind; and on the other, by the youthful, eccentric, and amusing Florio, she felt her courage and presence of mind return; while the arguments they used, without absolutely effacing the impression of the apparition, rendered her doubtful if it had not been merely an illusion, the effect only of an heated imagination. Once arriving at that point, it was not difficult for her companions to prevail on the Baroness not to render the rest of their friends uneasy by relating it to them; and, by the time they joined the party, the perturbation of Madame Isenberg had so much subsided, that no traces was discovered of them in her countenance or manner.

At a little distance from the door of

the auberge they met Villeroze coming to seek the Baroness, with all that attaching solicitude which he had peculiarly evinced towards her since her late illness. That solicitude was now rendered doubly energetic, by the sweet and new-born tie his certainty of possessing the affection of her favorite child had knit in his benevolent bosom.

It was in moments like the present when the natural warmth of his feelings particularly manifested itself in his engaging countenance and animated language, that what Sigismond had described as his characteristic "*takingness of manner*," was so eminently conspicuous—so irresistibly felt.

The Baroness, though unconscious of the sacred claim he was eager to make on her maternal affection, was touched and affected by the air of more than usually tender solicitude, with which, taking the place of Pauline, he became

her supporter; and as he led her to the house gently lectured her on remaining so late in that damp shrubbery.

Madame Isenberg instinctively shuddered as the words, "*Avoid Villerose: if you would obtain the paternal pardon, banish him your children's presence,*" recurred to her. Its impression however gradually faded away, as, with the rapidity of thought, the innumerable traits of excellence, which they had all so repeatedly witnessed in the Marquis, stole on her recollection. She knew the Baron and herself equally loved and admired him—they had frequently when alone made him the subject of their panegyric; they thought his character formed the beautiful medium between the dignified gravity of Don Alphonso, and the thoughtless though innocent levity of Sigismond: for the Baron and his Lady, devotedly as they were attached to their children, allowed not their partiality to

blind them to their faults. Precisely such as was the Marquis would they have wished to see that beloved son, in whom they beheld the future representative of their ancient and honorable house.

It had not escaped the observation of these attentive parents that Villeroze appeared to study, with no common interest, the sentiments of their youngest daughter, and that he evidently developed them with enthusiastic admiration. That this admiration might probably, in time, ripen into a serious attachment, they were fully aware: and every concurring circumstance taught them to believe that, should he succeed in gaining the affection of Viola, their union would secure her happiness, consequently must receive their entire approbation.

Where could they ever hope to form so unexceptionable an alliance for this lovely girl?—His rank was noble—the

heir to two illustrious families—his possessions were magnificent ! The exalted terms in which the Prince of Verona had spoken of him to Sigismond, and the strict friendship which subsisted between the high-souled Alphonso and himself, equally bore testimony to his honor and unblemished reputation.

All these reflections passed with the swiftness of lightning through the mind of Madame Isenberg; and she felt tranquillized, as the conviction pressed on her, that no cause could possibly exist which rendered necessary the sacrifice of *banishing him her children's presence*. Nor could her paternal pardon in any way depend on their so ill requiting the friendship and affection which he evinced for every member of the house of Isenberg.

Their return was greeted with much pleasure by their friends, who were become extremely impatient for their de-

parture; and now it was hoped there was nothing farther to retard that event. On looking round, however, it was observed that Doctor Martimas was not amongst them.

Whither he could have gone baffled all conjecture; but it was soon remembered, that no one had seen him since his quitting the room in wrath with Carenthéa, for her invidious comparison.

Some minutes were lost in canvassing what had best be done in this new dilemma; and at length, at the suggestion of Lady Aberdale, it was agreed that one of the travelling equipages should be left behind, for him to follow in at his pleasure, and the rest of the party should set off without further loss of time.

In pursuance of this plan, they once more moved forward, Sir Launcelot leading the venerable sister of the Baron, who, with her second niece, De Lerma, and the Baronet, it was settled, was to occupy the first carriage.

The Chevaliers had handed in the Lady Marguerite, and Carenthéa was lightly tripping after her, when her progress was checked, and every one surprised, by her aunt's descending again, and, in a tone of great indignation, reprimanding the domestics for their careless neglect and impardonable disrespect, in having left some *magnitudinous* package in the place she always occupied.

While the alarmed servants were protesting their innocence, the impatient Carenthéa, beginning now to believe that they were never to depart from this tiresome place, jumped into the carriage, declaring that, in her opinion, it was nothing but the cushions heaped up, and that she would herself arrange them in a moment.

But, on feeling for the subject of her aunt's displeasure, (for it was too dark to discern what it was) she was soon convinced of her error, and declaring it must

be an immense sack of wool, which some one might have placed there out of the reach of the late rain, she quitted the vehicle as precipitately as she had entered it.

Lights were now vehemently called for, and the suspended party awaited with eagerness the result of the search.

The Chevalier, with that alacrity he always exerted when the convenience of the ladies was in question, first arrived with a torch, and bravely leaped into the scene of curiosity, followed by the laughing Carenthéa, whose piercing eyes had on the first gleam of light, discovered what this supposed sack of wool, in reality, was.

“Why do you not enunciate to us the mystery of the extraordinary nuisance of which I complain?” angrily demanded the Lady Marguerite.—But her interrogatory received no other reply than immoderate peals of merriment from

the young and light hearted persons to whom she addressed herself.

“Niece,” vociferated the Lady Marguerite, who was by this time greatly ruffled at the little attention shewn to her questions—“Niece, I am siderated at your incogitancy, in indulging that your very reprehensible cacoethes of innane risibility, which to me seems mere ludifaction. But I am resolved autoptically to enucliate the matter.” And she was advancing to ascend, once more, the carriage, when Carenthéa, endeavouring to assume a sobriety of manner very foreign to her feelings, said, “Indeed, my dear aunt, when I guessed the nuisance, of which you complained, to be a *sack of wool*, I was very far from suspecting it was our *lost sheep*—Doctor Gregory Martimas!”

“Doctor Martimas!” exclaimed every voice in surprise,—“from whence could he have arrived?”

In reality, that gentleman, after he had indignantly quitted the party, felt much at a loss in what way to dispose of himself till their departure, on finding that there was no unoccupied apartment in the auberge.

His plentiful repast had ill disposed him to the exercise he had been lately recommending to others; and he was standing ruefully casting about him for some resting place, when his eye opportunely lighted on one of the Baron's travelling carriages, into which he instantly stepped, and, closely shutting himself up in it, soon fell into so sound a sleep, as banished from his memory his recent mortification, and enabled him to enjoy over again, in his dreams, the convivial pleasures in which he had been lately indulging.

From these delicious dreams, however, he was suddenly awakened to the disagreeable reality, that he was the object

of uncontrouled mirth to those very persons who had so greatly excited his ire, and to avoid whom he had withdrawn himself from the company.

Before him, most provokingly, stood the Chevalier, holding at no great distance from his eyes a flaming torch, which at once fully exhibited to notice, and nearly blinded, the but half awakened Doctor Martimas. On the other side was the tormenting, mischief-fraught Carenthéa, with her every charming feature expressive of the extraordinary amusement her present contemplation of him afforded her.

By this time the carriage was surrounded by the domestics, some of whom were expressing surprise—some curiosity—all with difficulty stifling their mirth, as the words—*sack of wool* and *lost sheep* were buzzed about amongst them; while the Doctor, without pre-

cisely comprehending their signification, felt sensible that he had given rise to the observations.

At length, indignantly shaking off his "drowsy lethargy," he rose, and pompously descending from the vehicle, stood confessed amidst the admiring spectators!

Sir Launcelot, now taking the hand of the Lady Marguerite, assisted her once more into the carriage, where Carenthéa still remained; then following with De Lerma, they were in the next minute rapidly driven from the auberge.

Meanwhile, Doctor Martimas stood disconcerted and shivering amid the Baron's people; till one, into whose hand the Chevalier had given the torch, bowing more respectfully low, in order to hide his grinning countenance, asked him, if he should shew him into his carriage.

"Ay, ay," replied the Doctor, who

felt the open air piercingly chill, after the close atmosphere he had been lately breathing—"Ay, ay, my good fellow."

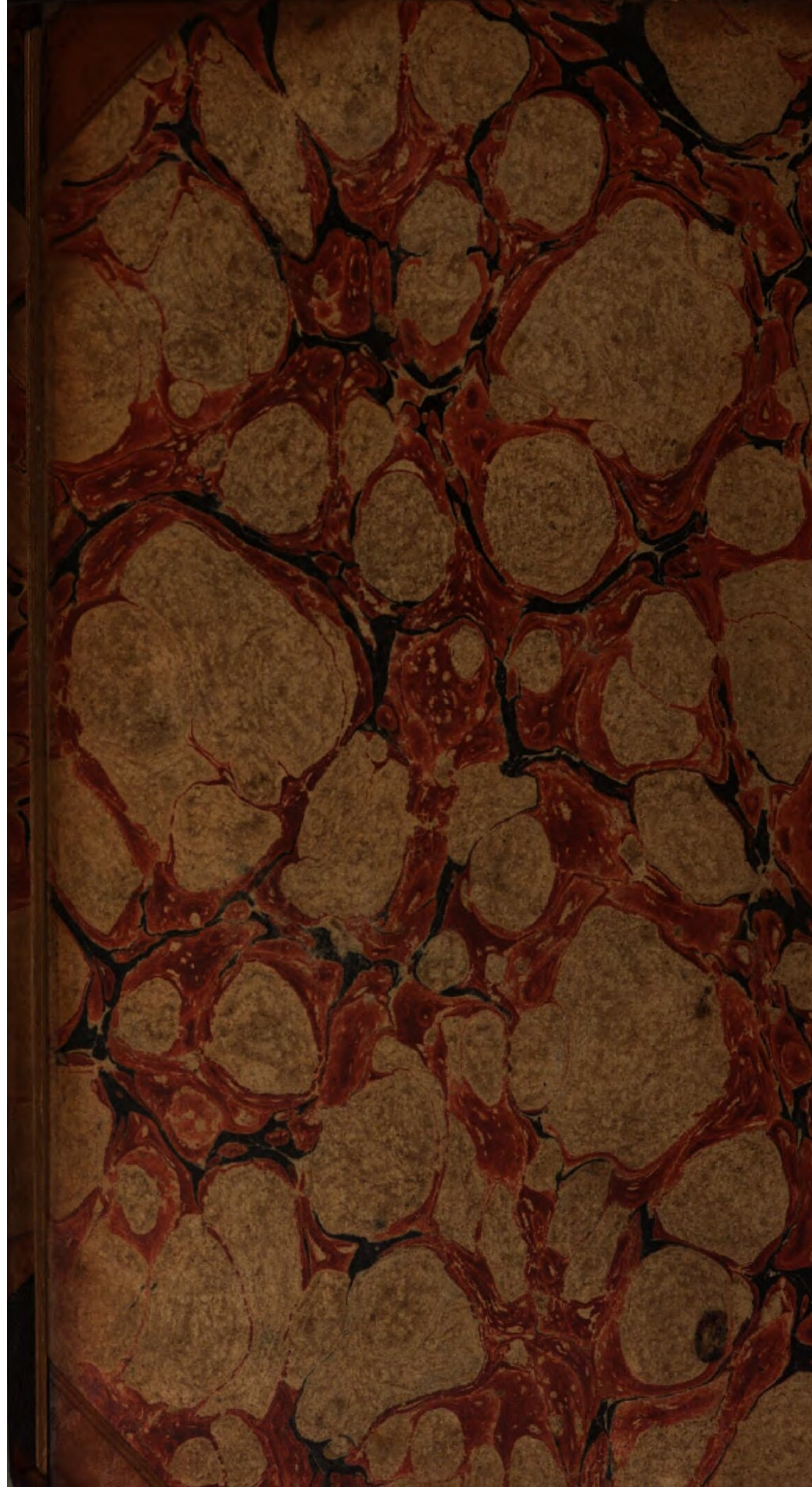
The domestic immediately led him the way to the empty vehicle that was to have been left for him, into which, without perceiving that there were no horses attached to it, he stepped, and the door was closed on him.

Here he remained very quietly till the rest of the equipages had moved off, glad at any rate to escape present raillery. The servants, then, who were left to attend him, with much *sang froid*, returned into the kitchen of the auberge, where, over an additional libation, they enjoyed many good jokes at the Doctor's expense; till at length, tired of their own wit, they led forth the horses, and roused the subject of their impertinence from a second nap, by the velocity with which they whirled him after the pre-

ceding carriages ;—nor did they pay the least attention to his repeated orders to drive slower, till their progress was necessarily slackened by ascending a steep hill.

END OF VOL. II.

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